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Original Poetry.

GENTILITY'S POOR.

By Mrs. M. E. HEWITT.

Oh! not the beggar who seeks your door,
In his tatters, unshamed, bedight;
But gentility's sensitive, suffering poor
Shall waken my song to-night.

For boldly the beggar may wear his rags
In the crowded and sunlit street;
And bold at your portal he knocks, and begs
For raiment and food to eat.

I know he is friendless and starved and cold,
And the storm whistles through the chinks;
But never he hoardeth his want untold,
Nor fears what his neighbor thinks.

And never he shrinks in the world's turmoil,
Where gentility strives for bread;
And nothing he knows of the wearisome toil
Of the secret needle and thread.

The beggar is houseless, outcast, forlorn,
Too wretched to need your curse;
But he knows not the dun and fears not the scorn
That waits on an empty purse.

The beggar is lean,—want maketh him so,
Pain causes his sinews to shrink;
But nothing he recks of the brain-wasting flow
Of poverty's slow pen and ink.

Alas! for the neediness, pride-restrained
From the worldly whose sneer we dread—
For the pride, like the ancient criminal, chained
The living unto the dead.

Alas! alas! for gentility's heir,
Untutored in work-a-day thrift,
Whose portion is poverty, striving, and care,
And to live by making a shift.

UNRHYMED TRANSLATIONS.

THE SWALLOW.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TOMASSO GROSSI.

I.

PILGRIM SWALLOW! Pilgrim Swallow!
Who alightest at my terrace,
Singing, singing every morning
That melodious song of sorrow,
What wilt tell me in thy language,
Pilgrim Swallow! Pilgrim Swallow!

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II.

Solitary in thy sadness,
By thy faithless lord abandoned,
Weepst thou to my complaining
Poor unhappy little widow?
Weep, oh, weep then in thy language,
Pilgrim Swallow! Pilgrim Swallow!

III.

Yet, than I far less unhappy,
Thou mayest trust thee to thy pinions,
Skim the lakelet, and the mountain,
Fill the air with thy lamentings:
All the day time in thy language
Calling on him, little Swallow!

IV.

Would that I—but this forbids me,
This degrading, narrow prison,
Where the sunlight never shineth,
Where the air can never reach me,
Whence to thee the words I utter
Scarce can mount,—oh, little Swallow!

V.

But September is approaching
And to leave me thou preparest:
Thou wilt see the far-off meadows,
Other mountains, other waters;
Greeting them in thine own language,
Pilgrim Swallow! Pilgrim Swallow!

VI.

And I, every coming morning
Waking to renew my weeping,
Through the snow, and through the hoar-frost,
Shall believe I hear that singing,
Which, it may be, in thy language
Mourneth with me, little Swallow!

VII.

A low cross in early spring-time
Thou shalt find upon this meadow:
Little Swallow, in the evening
On it stay thy weary flying:
Wish me "Peace" then in thy language,
Pilgrim Swallow! Pilgrim Swallow!

C. C. C.

LINES

On hearing Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream performed by Lenschow's Band.

It haunts me still—I hear, I see once more
That moonlight dance of fairies on the shore.
I hear the skipping of those airy feet;
I see the mazy twinkling, light and fleet.
The sly, sharp banter of the violin
Wakes in the elfin folk a merry din:
And now it dies away—and all is still.
The silver moon-beam sleeps upon the hill;
The flute's sweet wail, a heavenly music, floats,
And like bright dew-drops fall the oboe's notes.
And hark! again that light and graceful beat
Steals on the ear, of trooping, tiny feet,—
While, heard by fits across the watery floor,
The muffled surf-drum booms from some far shore;
And now the fairy world is lost once more
In the grand swell of ocean's organ-roar,—
And all is still again;—again the dance
Of speaking feet reflects the moon-beam's glance:
Puck plays his antics in the o'erhanging trees—
Music like Ariel's floats on every breeze—
Thus is the Midsummer Night's Dream to me,
Pictured by music and by memory;
A long midsummer day's reality.

C. T. B.

Newport, August, 1849.

Parisian Sketches.

VOLTAIRE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARSÈNE HOUSSEY.

I.

To write the history of the Life and Works of Voltaire, is almost like writing the History of the 18th century. Indeed, Voltaire appeared far back in the Regency, and only disappeared at the first rumors of the Revolution, and do we not find him "all alive," down to the reign of Bonaparte? And, during the seventy years which he held the pen, do we not see him in every horizon? You will meet him at every step in the history of this strange century, at the Theatre, at the Academy, in exile, lodged with the King of Prussia; at Versailles, where he is merely a courtier of Madame Pompadour; at Ferney, where he is the king of the intellectual world. Where he is not, his spirit is ever present. Ask of Fréron, of Desfontaines, of all his victims, of all his critics. Ask of the Encyclopædia which forged on its anvil the thoughts of Voltaire, ask of the journals of the time, do they not give more news about Ferney than about the Court of France? If any one here below has ever made himself a kingdom by his genius, it has been Voltaire.

This man, who filled his age with his ideas, his hardness; this poet, who had too much wit; this violent philosopher, who sowed good and evil with full hands, has been judged in turn by enemies and by enthusiasts. Even at the present day, a thousand voices still sing his praises or proclaim his errors. For the one, he is a worthy brother of La Fontaine and Racine; for the other, the gloomy precursor of Marat and Babœuf. Both deceive themselves; Voltaire has not continued La Fontaine and Racine, did not suckle Marat and Babœuf; he represented by dint of argument and railery the spirit of his age. One would vainly seek in his works for the effeminate grace of Racine, and the Gallic naïveté of La Fontaine; as vainly would one seek there for the germ of the ideas represented after his death by that fool who called himself Babœuf, or that greater fool who called himself Marat. It is well to follow the track of a man of genius, but to go beyond the visible trace is to go at hazard, to wander away, to lose one's self.

In every age some man has appeared who rises above all others, and who speaks more loudly than those who are speaking; who spreads the light of genius over the chaos of the ideas of his times; collecting the various sounds made about him, he subdues them by his voice, he reproduces them by his eloquence, he is the most listened to. In the 18th century, this man was Voltaire, for the ideas of Voltaire were in germ in the minds of all thinkers. Look at Bayle, at Fénelon himself. Genius, most commonly, is merely a well arranged echo.

Before we speak of the character and the works of the man, let us look at the hazards and destinies of his life. Let us follow Voltaire step by step in the various paths which he took from taste or by force; let us see whether he was merely a toy of destiny, or whether he walked in full liberty. But who shall ever

unveil this mystery of human life, who shall dare to say with assurance, I go where I wish to go?

FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE was born February 20th, 1694, at Châtenay, near Paris. His father, François Arouet, had been a notary at the Châtelet; his mother, Marguerite d'Aumart, was descended from a noble family of Poitou. He came as feeble into the world as Fontenelle, who lived a hundred years. He was privately sprinkled, it was not until November that he could be baptized; he had for godfather an abbé, without abbey and without faith, the Abbé de Châteauneuf, a friend of his mother and a lover of Ninon de l'Enclos; thus it has been said that wit and irreligion took possession of him from the cradle. The Abbé, regarding his title of godfather seriously, wished to direct the youthful intelligence of his godson; he taught him to read; Ninon asked him one day about the child. "My dear," he answered, "my godson had a double baptism, but there is not any apparent effect therefrom, he is scarcely three years old and he knows all the *Moisade* by heart." Thus Voltaire, thanks to the man who had answered for his faith before the Church, learnt to read in this impious poem attributed to J. B. Rousseau. Ninon wished that this child, who promised so much, should be presented to her. She kissed his blonde locks with her faded and profaned lips; she predicted to him that he would have a mind like an angel's. This was not the only prediction which the infant inspired. A few years afterwards, at the College of Jesuits, Father Jay, struck with the boldness of his ideas, told him that he would be the standard (others have said the Coryphaeus) of Deism in France. Ninon did not lose sight of this infant, who was destined to hold the sceptre of mind for as long a period as she had held the sceptre of gallantry. At her death, she left him two hundred pistoles for the purchase of books.

Whilst with the Jesuits, Voltaire had not time to become a poet, his genius was yet of too early growth to shed its brilliant rays; poesy, which demands a little shade and silence for its production, was not yet to expand for him. But was Voltaire ever a poet? Did he cultivate that flower of revery which the heart waters with a tear? Did he raise himself high enough to steal from celestial banks that rose of love whose perfume the poet scatters here below?

The court had become superannuated and superstitious, like the king. Madame de Maintenon wished to enchain France with her box-wood rosaries; all the courtiers, all the dignitaries, all the titled slaves, covered their faces with devotional masks. The eighteenth century rose from this; princes, grand seignors, priests, and poets protested, by elegant orgies, against the grand, austere looks of the court. As they were debauchees with delicacy, irreligious with gaiety, blasphemers with grace, critics with wit; as they had at their head men like the Prince de Conti, the Duc de Vendôme, the Grand Prior, the Duc de Sully, the Marquis de la Fare, the Abbé de Chaulieu, it was a mark of *ton* to be admitted into their circle. The Abbé de Châteauneuf, who wanted to make an honest man of his godson, did not fail to bring him there on his leaving school. Voltaire was sixteen; up to that time, perhaps, he was only half way irreligious, for in spite of the lessons of his godfather, he had found among the Jesuits a good odor of Christian candor; but once in this school of licentious gaiety and unbridled voluptuousness, how could he live with that virginity

of heart which preserves youth to the age of reason?

Arouet was not admitted into this brilliant company as a poet. He took the bearing of a grand signor. What was wanting to him for it? He had wit, person, money,—he wanted only a name; he took the name of Voltaire. He ventured to be familiar with everybody, already reckoning on wit, which saves everything. Thus, on his début in the circle of the voluptuaries, he said to the Prince of Conti, who had read verses to him—"Monseigneur, you will be a great poet, I must get the king to give you a pension." In the midst of mundane dissipations he did not lose sight of the poetical horizon. He sketched the tragedy of *Œdipus*, and rhymed an ode for the competition before the French Academy. In the eighteenth century, the tragedy and the poem for the prize were, so to speak, the antechamber of poetry; one must perforce pass through that way. Voltaire, you guess, did not obtain the prize of the Academy; he was not a poet trimmed to be a laureat, he had too much hardness of mind. It must be said that the subject of the competition was the decoration of the choir of Notre Dame. A religious subject, and before the Academy! there would be a surprise for everybody nowadays.

Meanwhile his father thought that he was ruined on hearing that he made verses and saw good company. The poor man was at the same time tormented by the obstinate Jansenism of his eldest son; he often said, "I have two fools for sons, one in verse and one in prose." He exiled the fool in verse to the Hague, to the French Embassy. The Ambassador, the Marquis of Châteauneuf, did not lead so easy a life as his younger brother, the Abbé de Châteauneuf. He strove to lead Voltaire back to prose, but the young poet would not be subdued; he not only made verses, but, which was aggravating, he made amorous verses. "I no longer hope for anything from your son," wrote the ambassador to the old notary, "behold him twice a fool, a poet, and in love." Voltaire was desperately smitten with Pimpette de Noyer, the second daughter of the too-celebrated adventuress who lived at the Hague upon libels and intrigues, who had *refugeed* herself there as a Protestant, but more for freedom of conduct than freedom of conscience. The Ambassador forbade love to Voltaire, the poet persisted; the Marquis de Châteauneuf ordered him to return to France. Voltaire left endeavoring to carry off Pimpette du Noyer; but Madame du Noyer, who reckoned on her daughter's black eyes to carry her on in the world, wrote a libel against Voltaire, and held Pimpette under surveillance.

Fame seldom permits the painters to give us the portraits of the poets before time's ravages have passed over their faces. The painter represents Homer to us old, blind, and begging. Can we find in the gallery of the poets, from Homer to Milton, a single head in the freshness of youth and the graces of love? All the poets appear to us crowned with laurel and cypress. Should we not be charmed to see them crowned with roses and myrtles? White hairs are venerable, but youthful locks are dearer to the heart; age is noble and grave, but youth is so beautiful in its follies! As a moralist has said, "we do not know a man of former times well, but when we possess at least two portraits of him." In thinking of Voltaire, the first image which is excited in our memory is that of a poet of eighty years, muffled up in a wig, armed with a diabolical smile, and a still piercing look. It is because the Voltaire of the painters was the cacochy-

mic old man, with the weight of eighty winters. For all that, Voltaire, at twenty years, has many charms which he has no longer at eighty; he is not covered with glory, but he is much more glorious, he is young! Besides what was wanting in him to entice fame, he has a wit to be dreaded, he is a lover, he is a poet, he has not yet written *La Henriade*! For my part, my pleasure was truly lively when for the first time I discovered a portrait of Voltaire at twenty years of age. What grace! what fire! what spirit! That forehead contains a world, but that mouth before it speaks has still so many kisses for the Pimpettes. These chestnut curls of the careless lover of Mademoiselle de Livry are pleasanter to behold than that head which will soon be despoiled by genius. Do not complain that I endeavor in my turn to paint Voltaire in his mischievous and charming youth. Those who best know their Voltaire do not know him young. For all of our generation, Voltaire is only the patriarch of Ferney, sowing with full hands scandal and irreligion. Thus to paint Voltaire, is it not to paint a man in an hour of suffering, of anger, of error?

II.

Celebrity greeted Voltaire with the early years of his youth. His life may be written by looking through the memoirs and compilations of the times. As early as 1718, Voltaire, who still called himself Arouet, occupies thirty pages in the "*Lettres Galantes*" of Madame de Noyer. The first mention is in a letter, a few lines of which I reproduce. "What astonishes me is that you have not discovered among the persons in the suite of M. the Marquis of Châteauneuf, a young man who has made a great noise with his poems; they are actually much sought after, particularly by those who like satire, which is the forte of this new poet, whom I have been expecting to hear you speak of, not thinking that a man of wit and a Frenchman could escape your knowledge. He is called Arouet, he is the son of a treasurer of the *Chambre des Comptes*."

To this letter Madame du Noyer answers—"Your M. Arouet has not escaped me, though he has made a very short sojourn in this country. The character of poet accords very well with that of lover in which M. Arouet has shone in Holland, and which has caused his departure. He thought good to talk thereon to a young lady of good condition, who had a mother difficult to deceive, and whom such an intrigue in no wise pleased; and it was on the complaint of this mother that it was judged best to send back our lover to the place whence he came, and that measures were designedly taken to deprive him of the means of continuing to see his lady fair, measures which he knew how to render vain—as you may see by fourteen of his letters, which I send you; for since they are so curious about his verse at Paris, they will not be the less so about his prose. You will tell me what you think of them."

The fourteen letters of Voltaire follow. They are an entire romance—a romance, at least, as it was understood a century ago. Rendezvous, disguises, surprise, separation, tears, oaths, nothing is wanting, not even the premeditated *coup de théâtre*. In these letters, Voltaire is exactly at that enthusiastic age when one would be willing to buy, at the cost of all the pains, the pleasure of lamenting over them with his eloquence. In the first letter, the page of the Marquis of Châteauneuf is a prisoner of love. Without doubt Madame du Noyer, to enhance the

éclat of her virtue, had been to the ambassador to complain of the temerity of the youth in his attempts to seduce her daughter. As Madame du Noyer is a mischievous woman, and still worse a woman who writes, the ambassador, fearing her anger, hastens to do her justice. He has placed his page in arrest, resolving that he shall return to France in a few days. Until then, the poet was perhaps only half in love: a dream, a fantasy, a caprice, one of those will o' the wisp of love which precede the rising sun; but, scarce imprisoned, behold Aronnet desperately in love with pretty Pimpette du Noyer. It was hardly love, it was already passion, his heart bounded and his tears flowed. He demands with loud cries, to distract the ennui of his solitude, the portrait of his mistress. What do I say? the portrait! he demands his mistress herself. But as he is closely watched, he knows not to whom to confide his message. In the second letter, he passionately exclaims, "I am here a prisoner in the name of the king, but though they have the power to take away my life they cannot take from me my love. Yes, my adorable mistress, I will see you this evening, though my head falls on the scaffold therefore. Be on your guard against Madame your mother, as the most cruel enemy you can have; what do I say? be on your guard against all the world. Hold yourself ready: as soon as the moon rises I will leave the Hotel incognito, I will take a carriage, we will fly like the wind to Schevelin; I will bring ink and paper, we will write our letters; but, if you love me, console yourself; recall all your presence of mind, restrain yourself before Madame your mother, endeavor to bring your portrait, and the dread of the greatest torments will not prevent my being at your service. Be ready at four o'clock, I will wait for you close by your street. Adieu, there is nothing to which I will not expose myself for you. My dear heart, adieu."

In the following letters, Voltaire, who up to that time has shown himself timid, becomes emboldened like a gallant of good lineage who has heard the Duc de Richelieu speak of his high deeds. It is not enough to have seen Pimpette by moonlight, he must see her at midnight. "You cannot come here, it is impossible for me to go to your house in open day; I will escape by a window at midnight, if you have any place where I can see you, if you at that hour can quit your mother's bed, summon me if you can come to your door to-night; I have things of great consequence to tell you. Adieu, my amiable mistress." Still it is not enough to have seen or rather to have pressed to his heart the blushing Pimpette; Aronnet imagines that it would be still pleasanter to introduce his mistress into the house where he is a prisoner. You see that the romance becomes complicated, here is the chapter of disguisements: "If you would change our misfortunes to pleasures, it depends upon yourself. Send Lisbette at three o'clock; I will give her a parcel for you containing a man's dress; you will put it on at her house, and if you are kind enough to have the goodness to visit a poor prisoner who adores you, you will take the trouble to come to the Hotel at dusk. To what cruel extremity are we reduced, my dear? Is it for you to come and seek me? But nevertheless, it is the only means for us to see one another. You love me, so I hope to see you in my little apartment. The happiness of being your slave will make me forget that I am the king's prisoner. As my dress is known, and you might consequently be recognised, I send you a cloak

which will conceal your doublet and your face. My dear heart, remember that our circumstances are truly critical."

Pimpette, at least as romantic, if not as much in love, as her lover, runs the risk of this curious disguise, whereupon the next day this letter of Voltaire's. "I know not whether I ought to call you Monsieur or Mademoiselle. If you are adorable in a cap, i'faith you are a handsome cavalier, and our porter, who is not in love with you, thought you a very pretty boy. The first time that you will come he will give you a marvellous reception. But for all that, you have an appearance as amiable as terrible, and I fear lest you should have drawn your sword in the street so that nothing should be wanting to your character of young man. After all, young man as you are, you are prudent like a woman:—

Enfin je vous ai vu, charmant objet que j'aime,
En cavalier déguisé, dans ce jour;
J'ai cru voir Vénus elle-même
Sous la figure de l'Amour—
L'Amour et vous, vous êtes de mon âge,
Et sa mère a moins de beauté.
Mais malgré ce double avantage,
J'ai reconnu bientôt la vérité:
Pimpette, vous êtes trop sage
Pour être un divinité.

There is never a god who should not take you for a model. They think to surprise us to-night, but he whom Love guards is well guarded; I will leap out by the window, it is the lover's road, and I will come at dusk to your mother's door."

This interview was discovered; in place of two guards, Voltaire had four. On her part, Madame du Noyer placed Pimpette under key; but, in spite of all the jailors in the world, will not lovers who set about it with good will succeed in seeing one another? Aronnet and Pimpette would have deceived the universe. They met again, but it was for the last time. At the Hague, nocturnal rendezvous are not as pleasant as at Venice or Seville. Pimpette took cold and willy-nilly had to lie abed. Voltaire had but two days more to remain in Holland; he wrote letter upon letter, but was obliged to leave without bidding adieu to his divine Pimpette. Monday, December 16, 1713, he wrote, before mounting his carriage, "Adieu, mine adorable, if one could write kisses, I would send you an infinitude by the postman; in lieu of kissing your hands, I kiss your precious letters where I read my felicity." Three days after he wrote from the bowels of a yacht which was taking him from Rotterdam to Ghent: "We have fine weather and a fair wind, and besides that, good wine, good patés, good hams, and good beds. There are only two of us, M. de M * * * and I; he employs himself in writing, eating, drinking, and sleeping, and I in thinking of you; I do not see him, and I swear to you that I do not feel sensible that I am in the company of a good paté and a man of wit. My dear Pimpette is wanting to me, but I flatter myself that she will not be wanting to me always, since I travel but to make you travel yourself."

In the following letter, Voltaire relates his arrival at Paris, which he reached on Christmas Eve. "Scarce had I arrived at Paris, when I learned that M. L * * * had written a bloody letter to my father against me; that he had sent him the letters which Madame your mother had written to him, and in fine that my father has a *lettre de cachet* to lock me up. I do not dare to show myself; I have had my father spoken to, all that could be obtained from him was to have me sent to the Islands, but he could not be prevailed upon to change his resolution regarding the will which he has made, in which he disinherits me. This is not

all; for more than three weeks I have had no news of you, I do not know whether you are living, and if so, how wretchedly; I fear that you have written to me to my father's care and that your letter has been opened by him."

Voltaire, under these sad circumstances, passed his whole time with his friends, the Jesuits, in persuading them to snatch his mistress from the Protestant religion, that is, to tear her from Holland for the good pleasure of the amorous poet. He planted his batteries so wise, he put all his forces on the field so well, that but little was wanting for this fine scheme to succeed. He continues to write: "If you have inhumanity enough to make me lose the fruit of all my misfortunes and be obstinate enough to remain in Holland, I promise you that I shall most assuredly kill myself at the first news I have thereof. I have placed myself, on losing my head, in the house of a procureur, to become a limb of the law, to which my father destines me; behold me fixed at Paris for a long time; you have but one way to get there, and is it possible that I can live without you? The Bishop of Evreux, in Normandy, is your cousin; write to him, insist above all on the matter of religion; tell him that the king desires the conversion of the Huguenots, and that, being a minister of the Lord, and your relative, he should, for all sorts of reasons, favor your return. Write to me to M. de Saint Fort, at M. Alain's, Procureur of the Chatelet, near the steps of the Place Maubert."

We at last arrive at the catastrophe. You think perhaps that Pimpette became a Catholic for the sake of the beautiful eyes of Aronnet. Alas! Pimpette was a woman, Aronnet far away, she thought the simpler plan was to let another make love. It was not the poet that the fair one had loved, it was the page of the Ambassador of France; now the page who succeeded Voltaire in the household of the Marquis de Chateaufort, succeeded him also in the heart of Pimpette. Poor Madame Noyer had soon to file among her letters of gallantry those of this other page to her daughter.

But Voltaire had not love alone in his mind, it was necessary for him to disarm his father, as outré as the father of a romance. He had not seen him since his return. Either to appease him, or in good faith, he caused him to be told that being about to depart for America, he asked as a sole favor to be permitted to embrace the paternal knees. Aronnet pardoned him with tenderness. "But you shall follow the path which your ancestors trod, you shall at once take your place at M. Alain's." He was a procureur of the rue Perdue? Will it be believed, Voltaire, already surnamed the familiar of princes, suffered himself to be installed in this old-fashioned place! He found there a friend, Theriot; not a friend of to-day and to-morrow, but a friend for life. Voltaire, happily, did not display himself on the lawyer's registers. He passed from thence to the chateau of Saint Ange, in company with M. de Caumartin, another friend of his father; he was to choose a profession there. At the Chateau of Saint Ange, he found an old man, a passionate admirer of Henry IV., who inspired him with the idea and even the ideas of *La Henriade*. He therefore returned to Paris more of a poet than ever.

A misadventure plunged him still more deeply in poetry; one day he was taken to the Bastille, without any reason being given. Now, what was to be done at the Bastille, except to write verses! Everything conspired against this poor M. Aronnet, who wished that his son's mind should be turned, perforce, to the spirit of

the laws. Voltaire had been sent to the Bastille for a satire which was not his: *I have seen these evils, and I am not yet twenty.* He consoled himself for this injustice by singing the loves and conquests of Henry IV. At the Bastille he commenced the *Henriade* and finished *Œdipus*. The Duke d'Orleans soon restored him to liberty. The Marquis de Nocé, the illustrious *roué*, brought Voltaire to the Palais Royal, on his leaving the Bastille, to present him to the Prince. While waiting his turn in the antechamber to be presented, a violent thunder-storm came on; the poet, raising his eyes upwards, exclaimed before a crowd of bystanders, "Things couldn't go worse up above, if they had a regent to govern them." The Marquis de Nocé related the *mot* in introducing Voltaire. "Monseigneur, here is young Aronnet, whom you have just taken out of the Bastille and whom you will send back there." The Marquis knew well to whom he spoke. The Regent laughed to split his sides, and offered a gratification, whereupon Voltaire said to him, "I thank your Royal Highness that you had the kindness to provide for my board, but I beg of you not to charge yourself any more with my lodging."

He offered *Œdipus*. Thanks to high influence, this tragedy was played; thanks to the talents of the poet it had great success. M. Aronnet, dissolved in tears at the close of the performance, at last gave his son permission to become a poet, better late than never. Voltaire was already accustomed to laugh at everything, even at his glory; thus at a representation he appeared on the stage wearing the wig of the grand priest. The Marechale de Villiers demanded who that young man was who wanted to ruin the piece. Learning that it was the author himself, she sent for him to his box and gave him her hand to kiss. "Behold," said the Duke de Richelieu to him on presenting him, "two beautiful eyes which you have made shed many tears." "They will revenge themselves on others," answered Voltaire. The beautiful eyes revenged themselves on him. He took love seriously; it was his second love; but Pimpette du Noyer had scarcely entered his heart, he had not had time to sigh, he did not take time to regret. Things did not pass off so with the fair Marechale; he hoped always. She deigned to receive his rhymes and his sighs, but that was all. Nevertheless he was twenty-four years old, was already celebrated; a portrait by Largillière represents him to us full of grace and spirit, a mocking mouth, marked profile, the air of a gentleman, bold forehead, a fine hand ornamented with a fine ruff. In truth, the Marechale was truly virtuous: to resist Voltaire under the Regency! For more than a year Voltaire lived only for her. "She has made me lose a great deal of time," he said at a later day. The ingrate! the madman! is it wasting time—when one is twenty-four—to love?

He continued to live among the great seignors. His intimacy with certain enemies of the Regent, among others the Duke de Richelieu and the Baron de Gortz, had exiled him from Paris. He returned there with a tragedy, *Artemise*, which fell dead or something near it. This was a matter of course; at Paris one has never two successes, one after the other. He suffered himself to be consoled by Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, that model of great comic actresses. He wished to love again on another scene; and accompanied Madame de Rupelmonde to Holland. Whilst passing through Brussels, he visited J. B. Rousseau. They embraced as brethren in

poesy, but unfortunately for friendship, they read verses to one another. J. B. Rousseau commenced; Voltaire, after having heard his "*Ode to Posterity*," said smilingly, "My friend, that is a letter which will never reach its address." And saying this he took a manuscript and read to the exiled poet an epistle to Madame de Rupelmonde. J. B. Rousseau, who then took refuge in religion, accused Voltaire of impiety. Thereupon they separated, enemies in verse and in prose to their deaths.

It is seen that Voltaire's life is all strown with sallies. I endeavor to avoid them, but in vain, for they mark every step he took. Wit has, so to speak, marked out his path. Wit, whosoever it be, even Voltaire's, fatigues when it occupies too much space. It is the sun which pours down over the entire landscape, without leaving a bit of shade for the dazzled eye. I like spirit, but I like revery and naiveté better, that is to say the spirit of the heart. Who would not like to see this youth of Voltaire's thoughtful here and there? Has he then never looked on the sun with a reverent thought? Has nature never shown him a corner of her robe? His mistress, no matter which one, did she never shed a tear, a tear of tenderness when he kissed her eyes? But we must pardon Voltaire for that wit which took possession of him from head to heart: celebrated when twenty years old, what had he, if not his wit, to combat his innumerable enemies with! You know that he was always on the battle field of thought, almost as regards his own side, alone. A man does not defend himself by his heart.

[To be Continued.]

Archæological.

AT the Sixth Annual meeting, just held, of the BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, at Chester, Lord Albert Conyngham in the Chair, among other papers of interest read was the following (for the report of which we are indebted to the *London Literary Gazette*) from the eminent literary antiquarian, Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT:

ON AN IVORY CASSET OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, AND ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ROMANTIC LITERATURE OF ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

It is hardly necessary for me to speak to you of the value to the archæologist of ancient pictorial representations. They tell us what we could not learn from inanimate remains; they do more than written descriptions; they place the people of past ages before our eyes in actual life; they introduce us to those minutæ of manners and sentiment which all other classes of historical monuments omit. How much light has been thrown on the manners of the Etruscans and Greeks at a very remote period by the beautiful pictures on their pottery! And how little should we know of ancient Egypt without the scenes which its people caused to be painted on their temples and tombs! So it is with Europe during that long and interesting period known as the middle ages, which has left us a mass of pictorial monuments, more numerous and more varied in character than those of Rome, Greece, or Egypt. As these pictures are attached to various classes of articles, which were appropriate to different ranks, professions, ages, or sexes, in society, we are enabled to arrange the subjects and study them in those classes, so as to make ourselves familiar in some degree with the peculiar sentiments and pursuits of each.

In the earlier times of the middle ages, the fine arts were to a great extent monopolized by the clergy, and applied chiefly to sacred purposes. For some centuries, even in miniature, few manuscripts were illuminated except Bibles, and Psalters, and Service Books, which are valuable chiefly as illustrations of Christian iconology. Until the thirteenth century that class of illuminated manuscripts still predominated. The period last mentioned, the thirteenth century, witnessed that great development of this intelligence of the middle ages, the effects of which spread through all classes of society, and which was particularly visible in the new classes of subjects on which the artist exercised his talents. It was about this time that those sculptured seats came into vogue, by which the carver introduced into the churches those burlesque pictures which illustrated the occupations of every-day life. At our meeting at Worcester last year, I had the honor of calling attention to the interesting specimens preserved in that city and at Great Malvern and other churches, and there are specimens no less remarkable in Chester Cathedral. In the thirteenth century the illuminators or painters worked no longer for the church alone. They painted walls for princes and nobles, and they illuminated manuscripts on a great variety of subjects for the use of knights and ladies. The subjects which had at this period most interest for the higher ranks of society, and more especially for the ladies, were the various incidents of that extensive class of literature, the mediæval romances. These we shall trace on a variety of domestic articles of this period appropriated to the use of the female members of the baronial household, carved in ivory or wood, or other material, and they appear more especially on those curious and elegant caskets which are by no means uncommon in great collections of mediæval antiquities, and of which we have here the opportunity of examining a very remarkable specimen, through the kindness of its possessor, our respected associate, Mr. W. Seth Stevenson, of Norwich. It is distinguished by the beautiful style of its execution; and the character of the workmanship, the costume of the figures, and other circumstances, lead us to ascribe it to a date not later than the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The part of it which first and chiefly attracts attention is its pictorial embellishment, and to this I intend to confine my remarks.

The particular description of the pictures before you will be rendered more intelligible and popular by a few general remarks on the class of literature to which they relate. It is perhaps hardly necessary for me to remind you, that the word *romance*, the meaning of which is now restricted to a work of fiction, referred originally to the language only in which they were written. *Lingua Romana*, the *Romane* tongue, was the name which in the middle ages applied to all the languages which were derived directly from the Latin, such as French, Anglo-Norman, Italian, Provençal, or Spanish. A *romans* (*Romans liber*) was a book written in any one of these languages, and as during this period they were used chiefly in writing those peculiar compositions which we are still in the habit of calling romances, it became common to quote for authorities in such compositions the *romans*, or book written in the *Romane* language, until the word, at a much later period than that of which we are more especially treating, began to be taken in its present signification, and in which I shall always use it in the course of the following observations.

The subjects of the mediæval romances were derived from various distinct sources. Some were taken from the old traditions of the people among whom they were composed, and these form perhaps the larger and most important class; they are certainly the earliest in the date of their formation. Two large and very important cycles ran through the Neo-Latin or Romance languages, and were afterwards transferred to German, English, and other tongues. One of these, grouped round the kings of the Carolingian race, was peculiar to the Franks, and its various romances were generally known under the title of *Chansons de geste*, the meaning of which is best rendered in modern English by the term *Historical romances*; the other cycle has for its heroes the supposed British king Arthur and his knights. The first of these cycles, which is exceedingly voluminous, having its scene at a period the events of which belonged to comparatively true history, had far less of the marvellous in its construction, and was almost entirely occupied with the description of warlike expeditions. The story of the expedition into Spain, and the disaster of Roncesvaux, appears to have been the only fragment of it ever popular in England. The cycle of King Arthur, which was from its subject much more English, having a foundation which partook far more of the really mythic character, was devoted almost entirely to scenes of love and gallantry—the chivalry of the chamber and the tournament.

As the influence of these compositions became more general and extensive, the composers began to aim at variety, and then they sought foreign subjects, and scrupled not to borrow them from ancient, and even from scripture history. Thus we have the romance of Alexander, the romance of Troy, the romance of Jason, that of Eneas, and a multitude of similar subjects. Gradually the writers became more inventive, and then we find allegorical and mystical romances, a class of which the grand type was the famous romance of the *Rose*, in which the progress of the soft passion was allegorized in a manner the most original and extraordinary.

From the twelfth to the sixteenth century, the literature of the ladies was especially and universally one of love and gallantry, and of this the casket under our consideration, as certainly designed for ladies' use, is a very interesting example. History shows us, on one side, how essentially the subjects engraved on it were congenial to the education of the fair sex during the middle ages, and on the other side, how much influence they exerted on its morals and fate. I will endeavor to illustrate this by the description of the subjects themselves, and I shall take them rather in the order indicated by the history of romantic literature, than in that in which they appear on the casket.

There were two very remarkable branches of the romantic cycle of King Arthur which enjoyed an extraordinary popularity during the middle ages; one related the love adventures of Launcelot and Arthur's frail queen Guenevra, the other, those of Tristan and the fair Isonde, the queen of King Mark of Cornwall. It was the passion portrayed under its different causes and circumstances, in one case influenced by the personal accomplishments and temperaments of the individuals, in the other by a power, the belief in which formed a portion of the superstitions of the western people before their conversion to Christianity, and which still weighed heavy upon their faith,—that of fate. You probably all know the

story of Tristan; he was sent over to Ireland to fetch home Mark's betrothed queen, Isonde, who brought with her an enchanted potion, which she was to drink with her husband, and which had the virtue of creating an everlasting love between the persons who first pledged each other in it; by a fatal error, the lady and Tristan drank the potion in their passage from Ireland, and, although she became King Mark's wife, her love had thus been irrevocably disposed of.

There is an incident in the romance of *Launcelot* which appears to have had so peculiar an attraction for the romance readers of the thirteenth century, that one of the celebrated poets of that period, Christian de Troyes, made it the subject of a separate poem, entitled *La Charette*, or *The Cart*. A "felon" king Brandemagus had carried away Queen Guenevra as his prisoner, and her lover Launcelot, who arrived at Court too late to defend her, set out in her pursuit. An accident deprived him of the use of his horse, and in his distress he asked for information of a deformed dwarf, who was leading a cart, and who assured him that he knew which way the queen had gone, and engaged, if he would ride in his cart, to carry him to his mistress. It appears that at this time none but condemned criminals ever rode in carts, or, at least, those who had become subjected to some horrible disgrace, and it was only his extreme eagerness to overtake the queen which induced Launcelot reluctantly to accept the dwarf's offer. On his road he was met by Gawain, who was highly scandalized at his friend's position; but they continued their route together until they came to the castle of a lady, who came out with her damsels to receive Gawain with honors, while Launcelot was hissed and pelted by the menials. Through the intercession of Gawain, who explained his friend's situation, the lady was with great difficulty induced to extend her hospitality to Launcelot, who, after all, was treated with the utmost disrespect. Next morning, Launcelot having been furnished with a horse and spear, he set out with Gawain, and finding two roads which led to the Castle of Gaileon, in Brandemagus's kingdom of Goire, where they knew that monarch was conveying his captive, they separated, in order that each should take a different path. After meeting with several disagreeable adventures, most of them arising from his untoward journey in the cart, Launcelot at length came to a wide river, which he was obliged to pass by means of a bridge formed of an immense and sharp-edged sword. Having reached the other side in safety, he perceived a "villain" approaching, who led two lions, with which he was compelled to fight, but finding that his strokes produced no effect he drew forth the ring which had been given him by the lady of the Lake, and then his opponents disappeared, and he learnt that it was all enchantment. After this he reaches the object of his search, but the adventure of the cart, which was known also to Guenevra, produced a quarrel and temporary separation between the queen and her lover.

The incidents of this story could easily be recognised in the four compartments of the back of the casket, numbered from nine to twelve. Number eleven is evidently intended to represent Launcelot in the cart; perhaps the lion's head was introduced by a mistake of the carver, who ought to have introduced here the dwarf. Number twelve perhaps represents the lady of the castle and her damsels, looking on Launcelot and his cart with feelings of shame. In number ten he is passing

the strange and perilous bridge, and number nine represents his encounter with the lions. Some attributes in these figures are not easily explained from the romance, and they may, perhaps, have been taken from some other version of it. Perhaps the spears and sword-blades issuing from the clouds are intended to indicate that it is all the work of enchantment.

We thus see that the romance of Launcelot (which I may observe was the foundation of the later romance of the *Mort d'Arthur*) has its representative on our casket. We shall find the other grand love romance—that of Tristan—figuring there too.

In the course of their adventures, the two lovers had given each other a rendezvous by night under a tree in King Mark's orchard. The king, informed of their intentions by a spy, had concealed himself in the tree to be a witness of his wife's infidelity. The night happened to be moonlight, and as the queen approached the spot, she beheld the shadow of her husband's face in a fountain under the tree, before she had said anything to criminate herself. She made her lover understand their danger, and their conversation took such a turn as convinced the king that Isonde and Tristan had been unjustly slandered.

This scene is represented in the compartment of one side of the casket, and there are circumstances about it which would seem to show that the carver was following a model the subject of which he did not perfectly understand. There is something original in the substantial manner in which the shadow of the king's face is represented; but if we look closer, we shall see that while the real substantial King Mark in the tree is represented as a beardless youth, his shadow in the water possesses a beard of fair dimensions. The carver has either taken the beard in the substance above for part of the tree, or he has transformed a part of the water beneath into a beard for the shadow.

I am inclined to think that our casket presents another subject taken from the romance of Tristan. On one occasion Isonde was obliged to clear herself by an oath, taken upon the holy relics, to visit which she had to pass a river. Tristan came there in the disguise of a beggar, and was employed to carry his mistress over the water, and a pretended accident enabled her to avoid perjury, by an equivocation which I shall beg to be excused explaining. The compartment appears to represent Isonde carried on the shoulders of the pretended beggar. I will only remark that this seems to be the way in which gentlemen carried ladies in the middle ages.

The other two classes of romances to which I have alluded also find their representative in this casket. The romance of Alexander the Great, with its various branches, enjoyed great popularity during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and some of its incidents gave rise to separate poems or tracts. Several of these relate to the great monarch's instructor, Aristotle. One division of the romance, and no small one, related to the monstrous animals the conqueror of India was said to have met with in his travels; and a tract, in which Aristotle is made to describe these monsters, had an extensive influence on the science of natural history, as it was taught in the middle ages. But the philosopher and his pupil were made to figure in a story of a more amusing character.

Love and gallantry appear to have been the grand occupation of the ladies in all grades of society during the middle ages, and the laxitude of mediæval manners allowed of a degree

of license which we can now with difficulty conceive. If this procured for the fair, on the one hand, the devotion and service of the gentler class of poets, it exposed them on the other, to the attacks of the satirist and moralist, and these were often bitter and coarse. But the vicious found their revenge in a number of stories in which the wisest philosophers and sages were humbled beneath the irresistible sway of beauty. One of these stories related to Alexander and his teacher, and was in the thirteenth century made the subject of a little poem by a trouvère named Henry d'Audeli, which bears the title of the *Lai d'Aristote*.

Alexander, according to this romantic story, had a very beautiful Indian princess for his mistress; and her charms were so powerful that the king neglected not only the lessons of his teachers, but the counsels of his ministers. At last Aristotle took an opportunity of expostulating so warmly with his royal pupil, that for a time Alexander absented himself from the society of the princess. The latter, at length, pressed her lover to tell her the cause of his apparent coldness, and he made a full confession. The lady was fully resolved to have her revenge; she clad herself one morning in a loose dress, gave herself her most tempting airs, and placed herself in the way of the philosopher, who, in spite of his age and wisdom, was suddenly seized with the most violent passion, and pressed earnestly for her love. The princess refused to listen to him, unless he first consented to place himself on his hands and knees, submit to a saddle and bridle, and in that position allow her to ride round the garden on his back. He agreed to her terms, and, in the midst of her ride, Alexander, who had been made privy to the plot, suddenly showed himself from a window, and rebuked his wise instructor for his folly. The moral of the story taught that none were exempt from love's power, not even those who were so eager to speak of it with disrespect.

The compartments on the front of the casket contain allusions to the romance of Alexander and to the lay of Aristotle. In the first, Aristotle is employed in teaching his pupil. The next represents the subject of the lay. The allusion in another compartment is more doubtful. It has been suggested to me that it represents a scene in the romance of Alexander, in which that monarch, in the course of his Indian campaign, was made to descend to the bottom of the sea in a glass globe, in order to survey the wonders of the deep. Perhaps it is Alexander's globe which is here descending among the sea nymphs. But I am inclined to think it may be a more ordinary representation of nymphs bathing in a fountain.

The allegorical romances have their representative in the subject on one end of the casket, and perhaps, also, in the larger subject which covers the lid. The first is probably taken from the Romance of the Rose, and seems to represent Danger consenting to receive the lover into the tower in which Belaccueil is shut up. It would take, I am sure, more time than you would be willing now to allow me, to give such an analysis of this romance as would explain the story.

The large figure on the lid represents the attack upon and defence of the castle of love. The weapons, it will be seen, are roses; with one exception, that of Love himself, who makes use of his arrows. The tournament in the middle is a part of the subject, which was one of great popularity in the age to which this relic belongs, and is frequently found represented on articles used by the ladies. It appears,

indeed, that among the imaginative Provençals of the warm south, where their love-allegories were wrought into substantial pastimes, this scene of mock warfare was not unfrequently put into actual practice. Such a scene is recorded as having been actually acted at Vicenza in 1216: a wooden castle was built, defended by ladies dressed in magnificent robes, and attacked by knights. Flowers were the only missiles they were permitted to use. A Provençal poet of the same age, Rambaud de Vaqueiras, has described in one of his lyrics the ladies as carrying on this counterfeit war, and building imitations of castles:

Tran mala guerra
Sai volon comensar
Donas d'esta terra,
E vilas contrafar;
En plan o en serra
Volon ciutat levar
Ab tors.

i. e. "The ladies of this land will commence here vile, wicked war, and counterfeit the villains; they will raise a citadel with bowers, on level ground or on a hill."

There remains one other subject on our casket to explain, which, if it does not belong to what we are in the custom of calling romances, is still of a romantic character. It is taken from what may be called the romance of science. The compartment represents the well-known story of the fabulous unicorn—the fiercest of animals—which yet became tame when in the presence of a pure maiden, and it was only under these circumstances that it was ever killed by hunters. This subject, involving a beautiful allegory, was a favorite one, and is found in innumerable paintings and sculptures. It is rightly placed here among subjects which relate almost entirely to love.

Thus, in tracing the various subjects represented on this beautiful casket, we are throwing new light on the manners and sentiments of a remote period, but one which can never fail to have an interest for the historian. The knowledge of manners and sentiments is a very important portion of history itself; while by this same monument we are gaining a new insight into the history of literature, one which shows us the influence which that literature had on the character of the age. It becomes thus a speaking picture of the past. You will no doubt remember that singular illustration of the influence of one of the very romances pictured on this casket, furnished by the immortal stanzas of Dante, where the poet describes his meeting with the shades of the two lovers, Francesca and Paolo da Rimini. The lady, at the request of the poetic trespasser on the regions below, gives the following account of her temptation: "There is no greater grief," she is made to say, "than to remember in one's misfortune the past period of happiness. . . . But if thou hast so great a desire to know what was the first root of our love, I will imitate him who weeps and speaks at the same time. We were reading one day for pastime the adventures of Lancelot, and how he was caught with love; we were alone, and without any distrust. Many times this reading made our eyes meet, and our cheeks change color; but it was one single passage which overcame us. When we saw the soft smile of his mistress smothered by the kiss of the lover, this one here, who will never be separated from me, kissed me on the mouth, all trembling: the book and its writer were for us another Gallehant. That day we read no more."

But there is another point of view in which the consideration of this casket has an interest for the archæologist. We find these identical subjects, collectively or separately, figured on

other caskets, and in a manner so similar, that they were evidently copied from one model. In the first place, there exists another casket, of which a rather rude engraving was given in Carter's *Ancient Sculpture*, and which is now preserved in the museum of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, which contains the same subjects, arranged in the same order, and so similar in design, that we might have supposed it the same casket, but for a variation in one subject. I have some reason for suspecting that another casket in the same collection contains some of the same subjects. A similar casket, apparently then existing in some collection in Italy, and engraved by Gori in his *Thesaurus Diptychorum*, contained the subjects taken from the romance of Lancelot, with the variation that the three ladies are introduced in the same compartment with Lancelot in the cart, and that he is engaged, as in the romance, with two lions; and it has the siege of the castle of love as here on the lid; but the other subjects are different, one side being taken up with subjects from the romance of Valentine and Orson. The siege of the castle of love is found, perhaps, more frequently than any of the others. In the sixteenth volume of the *Archæologia* a plate of ivory was engraved, with a carving of this subject treated in nearly the same manner, but showing the moment in which the knights make themselves masters of the fortress, and are received with open arms by its defenders; and a similar plate of ivory, with the same subject, engraved in Du Sommerard's Album, shows that this article was the back of a mirror. The same subject appears in one of the illuminations of the now celebrated Louttrell Psalter. The lay of Aristotle, and the legend of the Unicorn, are of still more frequent occurrence.

The circumstance of this repetition of the same subjects and the same designs is a curious phenomenon in the history of mediæval art. It shows that there was one common origin for certain classes of artistical productions—a principal school, from which, probably, not only the practice of the art, but the particular series of subjects to be engraved, were derived, and these were varied, perhaps, according to established rules, on which a careful comparison of such relics as that now before us may throw some light. The same practice is traced in other lines of mediæval art, and offers a question well worthy of minute examination.

I will conclude with pointing out a singular circumstance connected with this particular subject. A few of these romance subjects are found sculptured on buildings, and even in churches. The legend of the Unicorn is met with on architectural monuments, and the lay of Aristotle is sculptured on the masonry of the cathedral of Lyons, and on the stalls of that of Rouen. In the church of St. Pierre, at Caen, there is a capital of a column of the beginning of the fourteenth century, about the date of our casket, on which the sculptor has represented part of this same series of subjects, and under the same forms. There we have Lancelot in the cart, the passage of the bridge of the sword, and the combat of the lions, joined with the legend of the Unicorn, the lay of Aristotle, and a somewhat similar romance connected with the name of Virgil. It would seem as if the stone sculptor had obtained, among his other designs belonging to his own class of artists, a copy of this particular set of the artist from whose hands we derive the ivory caskets."

The Turks have a proverb which says that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.

Reviews.

HERBERT'S FISH AND FISHING.

Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America. Illustrated from nature, by the Author. By Henry William Herbert. Stringer & Townsend.

YET another production of the ever busy and ubiquitous pen of Mr. Herbert, who, when he casts off the dress of a sober citizen, and dons the fisher's garb or the hunting shirt, changes his name with his vestments, and becomes Frank Forester.

We are of an inquiring mind, and that laudable spirit of investigation, supposed to be the dower of our first mother, is, perhaps, a prevailing feature. Now, at this present moment, nothing could give us greater pleasure than by mesmerism, or in any other mystic or magic manner, to take a sly peep at the heterogeneous contents of his pericranium. But a fortnight since we had him before our readers as a translator of the great Grecian tragedian; a few short moons previous, and his prolific fancy gave birth to an historical romance; he is now publishing a novel in one of our magazines; to-day we find before us another work—scientific, amusing, and instructive,—upon *Fish and Fishing in the United States and British Provinces*; and the Author is at this moment on his way to Lake Superior to witness the distribution of presents to the Indians by the agents of Her Britannic Majesty,—a field for another volume.

In Mr. Herbert's present work, the examination of which we may extend on a future occasion, the fish are accurately described, scientifically classified, pictorially sketched from nature (in which the artist, Mr. Herbert himself, shows a tasteful handling), the various modes of taking them noticed, and the proper tackle particularly noted, the book concluding with ample directions for preparing them for the table.

Although a great portion of the work is didactic and scientific, yet Mr. Herbert throws in an occasional anecdote which relieves its science vastly; and now and then allows his pen to stray from its prescribed rectilinear course, and roam among flowers and sunshine, casting a gleam of poetry over his formal, strait-laced chapters.

We quote the following from his description of the Brook Trout:

"There is no sportsman who is actuated by the true animus of the pursuit, who would not prefer basketing a few brace of good Trout to taking a cart-load of the coarser and less game denizens of the waters; nor whether we consider his wariness, his timidity, his extreme cunning, the impossibility of taking him in fine and much-fished waters, except with the slenderest and most delicate tackle, his boldness and vigor after being hooked, or his excellence on the table, shall we wonder at the judgment, much less dispute it, which next to the Salmon only, rates him the first of fresh-water fishes. The pursuit of him leads us into the loveliest scenery of the land, the season at which we fish for him is the most delicious, those sweetest months of Spring when they are not as at present the coldest and most odious of the year—the very name and mention of which is redolent of the breath of flowers, the violet, the cowslip, and the celandine, which plunge us into a paradise founded upon the rural imaginings of the most exquisite of England's rural bards until we are called from our elysium by a piercing gale from the north-east and perhaps a pelting hail-storm bidding us crush our wandering fancies, and teaching us that spring-

time is one of those pleasant things which occurs twice, perhaps, in a lifetime in the United States of America."

The description of the Mascalonge, or great Pike of the Lakes:—

THE MASCALONGE.

Masquellonge, Canadian French.—*Esor Estor*, Cuvier, Agassiz.

"This magnificent fish, which is the finest, largest, and most excellent food of all the Pike family, is found only in the great lakes and waters of the St. Lawrence basin, not having been discovered in any of the rivers or lakes which discharge themselves into Hudson's Bay or the Polar Sea, nor yet, so far as I have been able to ascertain, in any of the smaller lakes of the United States which shed their waters northerly into the St. Lawrence. It is stated that, 'in the spring, which is its spawning season, it frequents the small rivers that fall into Lake Simcoe'—which discharges itself by the Severn into Lake Huron—and that it feeds on small, gelatinous green balls, which grow on the sides of banks under water, and on small fishes.

"This great Pike is said, by Dr. Richardson, to attain the weight of twenty-eight pounds, but it unquestionably grows to a very much larger size, though I cannot state, with precision, the greatest dimensions that he has been known to acquire. Dr. DeKay says that he has been known to exceed four feet in length, which, having in view the breadth and depth of this fish when in condition, would give a probable weight of sixty or eighty pounds, which I believe to approach his maximum. He is a bold and most voracious fish.

"The cut accompanying this paper, and the following description, are taken from a specimen preserved in spirits, in the possession of Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University, which measured about two feet and a half in length, and weighed eighteen pounds. The length of the head to that of the whole body was as two to nine. The snout, from the orbit of the eye forward, singularly elongated and acute. The anterior edge of the orbit, midway between the tip of the snout and the posterior margin of the free gill-cover. The border of the upper jaw is formed of the maxillaries alone, the edges of which are furnished with several rows of long, powerful, and exceedingly sharp, awl-shaped teeth, the points curving slightly forward.

"The vomer and palatine bones are covered with card-like clumps of spiny teeth, as are the base of the tongue and the pharyngeal bones. The tongue itself is soft. The lower jaw is considerably longer than the upper; it is armed for something less than half its length with very powerful recurved fangs, the two largest being in front, a little posterior to the tip of the tongue. Beyond these, its lower jaw is toothless, curved upwards, with sharp, horny, beak-like edges; and in these points, particularly, is it distinct from the following species.

"Of the gill-covers, the pre-operculum is nearly vertical, and but slightly curved; the operculum much higher than it is broad, and nearly four times as high as the sub-operculum, which is slightly rounded posteriorly. The branchiostegous rays are eighteen in number.

"The body and head are quadrangular, flattened above, and much compressed at the sides. The dorsal fin is directly above the anal; caudal, powerful, and deeply forked.

"The fins, according to Professor Agassiz' singularly precise mode of enumeration, contain—the dorsals, twenty-two fin rays; anal, twenty; ventral, thirteen; pectoral, eighteen. The main part of the caudal fin is divided into two somewhat unequal lobes, containing, the upper nine, the under eight fin-rays; while above and below the two larger lateral rays there are nine smaller rays.

"In color, it differs from the northern Pickerel in having the general tint of the body lighter than the markings. The back and upper part of the

sides are dark, changing from greenish blue to bluish grey on the sides, which are irregularly dashed with darker spots and splashes. When exposed to a strong light, every scale reflects bright colors, which vary as the fish is moved; but there is no fixed pale mark on the tip of the scales, as in the succeeding species.

"The Mascalonge, which owes its name to the formation of its head—*Masque Allonge*, long face or snout, Canadian French—but which has been translated from dialect to dialect, Maskinonge, Muscalunge, and Muscalinga, until every trace of true derivation has been lost, is said to be much more common in Lakes Erie and Ontario than in the more northern waters of Canada; but this will, I fancy, prove to be erroneous, as I know them to be taken of great size, and remarkable excellence in Lake Huron."

Giving Mr. Herbert all the credit which is due him for industry and ability in the use of pen, pencil, and candor forces us to add—scissors, we are nevertheless compelled to note several sins both of omission and commission.

Little attention has been paid to the fish, and none to the fishing of the extreme south. The omission of one variety we were much surprised at, the "Alligator Gar," which has lately attracted much attention, and is, we understand, pronounced by M. Agassiz to be the only connecting link between the antediluvian and the present era of fish. Of the Red fish, or Red Snapper, he has said but little, and of the mode of taking them nothing; but it strikes us that had he ever experienced, as we have, the pleasure of landing a forty pounder, he would have considered the sport as almost equal to salmon fishing. The "Buffalo Fish" is not mentioned, and the "Green Trout," [the pompano] the "Jew Fish," the "Croaker," the gigantic "Grand Ecoy," the "Mullet," all share the same ignominious fate. Of the whereabouts of the Sheephead he is very much mistaken. He asserts that the fish is never seen south of the Mississippi, when the fact is, that a comparatively small proportion are found north of it. We have no fish in our northern waters one-half so numerous as the sheephead is in the different bays and outlets of the Gulf of Mexico, south and west of the Mississippi.

Although not pretending to rival the exploits of so distinguished a knight of the rod and line as Frank Forester, yet we will venture to affirm that we have performed a feat in fishing for sheephead of which he has never even dreamed. We once killed with but the assistance of a boy of thirteen years, one hundred and ten of these delicious fish, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. "Think of that, Master Brooke."

And while on this head (Sheephead) permit us to remark that we see no manner of use in pressing a clothes line into the service (see p. 319), when single gut and skilful manipulation will suffice, the strength being required rather in the hook than the line.

We do not like the idea of copying a Salmon from Agassiz' "Fresh Water Fish of Europe" to illustrate the fish of the "United States." Neither do we approve of his making a copious extract from the Angler's Guide (see page 191 of that excellent work) and crediting it to the "Buffalo Commercial Advertiser," and we also think his attacks upon DeKay (88) and Smith (95) unjust and uncalled for. We also believe in a wholesome distinction between kitchen and parlor, and would advise a division of the work, giving the "cuisine" its due in a separate volume, where the five pages devoted to cooking the "Halibut," a fish of the size of a small hay-

stack rolled into a pan-cake, and about as "game" as a young whale, may be very useful.

We further observe that twice in his work he asserts that "Brook Trout" have scales. Now from the best authorities we have been able to obtain, viz. Dr. Mitchel and the fish themselves, we are convinced that they have none discoverable to the naked eye. By the way, speaking of scales, reminds us of the plate of the Herring on page 178, where that important fish is provided with them of the size of saucers.

Of "fishing through the ice" he speaks but once, and then from its connexion with a fish taken in that manner. It appears to us that a mode so much practised deserves more attention. It may not be a sportsman-like manner of taking fish, but we can assure him, with the privilege of a difference of opinion, that it is capital fun nevertheless. We looked also in vain for a few words upon "tickling trout," a subject upon which much ink has lately been shed—but from his pages we obtained no light.

We look for the successive editions of Mr. Herbert's contribution to the Waltonian science with interest. They will doubtless afford him frequent and rapid opportunities of developing his favorite pursuits of the rod and line.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Onondaga: or Reminiscences of Earlier and Later Times; being a series of Historical Sketches relative to Onondaga; with notes on the several towns in the county and Oswego. By Joshua V. W. Clark, A.M. 2 vols. 8vo. Syracuse: Stoddard & Babcock.

It is gratifying to witness the increasing attention to the preparation of local histories throughout our State. In addition to the memorials of the Holland Purchase, and the new edition of Mr. Campbell's *Annals of Tryon County*, to both of which we have recently called attention, we have before us an industrious and really important contribution of historical materials, which is of eminent value, when we consider from what fleeting information much of it has been received, and that if the story had not found at this very time a genial listener and narrator, it would probably never have been related at all. Blessed is that State, that county, that town, that village, which possesses its antiquarian. Some of the most curious monuments of the past are the old English county histories, to say nothing of the most memorable biographical resumé of them all, old Dr. Fuller's *Worthies*. The readers of Southey's *Doctor* know how much of profit and entertainment may be exhumed from them, as in Daniel Dove's favorite *Doncaster studies*. Parallel with these, but altogether unlike, are the county histories of the American States. They, too, have their antiquities. If they do not run back to Picts, and Scots, and Romans, and unbury no coins of the Europeans, or imperial pavements, or military works and domestic utensils of ancient Italy, they have their disclosures of imaginative interest. Instead of the Roman castra, there are the mounds and earthworks of the old Indian races—strange burial places, in which you will find the old hunter seated erect for his last journey, his kettle of maize by his side, and his bow and arrow, for the hunting grounds of the blessed. By the side of these remains of a vanished race there are the tokens of European possession of other tribes of men, who, in their turn, have also passed away—the cross of the Jesuit mission-

ary, and relics of the old French dominion. There you will find a strange survivorship of the past, as in the legend of the *Sleeping Beauty*, buried deep in the recesses of the wood, overgrown by foliage, and at times imbedded in the very heart of ancient trees, whose concentric circles count the yearly calendar, running far into a second century—a method of historical reckoning surer than the knots of Peru or the notches of *Robinson Crusoe*. There, in old times, a dusky background of antiquity, is the old Indian race, stretching to the founts of time with quaint poetical, mythologic legend, and hovering vaguely in the unsettled nomadic life on the borders of the present civilization. The colonial period follows, the heroic age of America, warring in Herculean labors with the savage and the wilder forest, sacrificing health and existence in subduing the soil, where the wild beast and the Indian were no feigned terrors of the nursery—a period which, still kept up in portions of our wide land, will soon pass away in a purely historic age. We have then the mixed era of the Revolution, in which the Indian and the Englishman and the foreign mercenary bear their part; and when the devastations of war have passed over, the reconquering of the soil to the arts of husbandry and peace. Still the unceasing change goes on—canals, railways, and telegraphs, the magic of increasing wealth, work new wondrous transformations. All these in their manifold developments are included within the limits of the single county history. Mr. Clark's *Onondaga* touches upon them all.

From this historic museum, this book of the curiosities of the past, we select a chapter of antiquities which have come to light in the feebly named town of Pompey—which for this occasion only, while unburying its ancient remains, we are tempted to call the *Onondaga Pompeii*. Nothing can be more unfortunate than these names, which of but comparatively little consequence while the settlement is in its infancy, its days of toil and labor of the first clearings, assume at the later period of wealth, years, and historic dignity, somewhat of that infelicity which attends a plebeian Stubbs, suddenly raised to the moneyed honor of the aristocracy.

ANTIQUITIES OF POMPEY.

"The antiquities of the township of Pompey consist mainly of earthen forts and defences—mural remains, traces of villages, trading establishments, burying places, and sundry articles found scattered among them.

"One of the most noted localities of this kind is the one on the farm of Isaac P. Jobs, usually called 'Indian Hill.' Upon this spot have been found, perhaps a greater variety of articles, positively indicating the residence, at some early period of Europeans, than on any other in the vicinity. It is in the town of Pompey, two miles south of Manlius Village, situated on one of the most beautiful elevations imaginable. As you approach it on the road from the south, the ascent is gradual, backed by an extensive level. On the west is a deep gulf, made by the west branch of the Limestone Creek. On the east is a deep ravine, through which flows a small stream, whose banks are very bold. The whole length of this elevation, bearing the strongest evidence of having been inhabited, may be nearly a mile, and it is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty rods wide. To the north is a beautiful slope, extending some thirty or forty rods, when it takes a rapid fall of fifty or more feet. Then a plain of some thirty or forty acres spreads itself out in full view from the hill. Upon this level were several acres literally covered with graves.

"A brass medal was found near this place, in

1821, by John Watson. It was without date. On one side of it was a figure of Louis XIV., king of France and Navarre. On the reverse side was represented a field, with three flowers de luce, supporting a royal crown, surrounded by the name of Nalf, Lanfar & Co. It was about the size of a Spanish pistareen, had been compressed between dies—characters and letters distinct. It was given to the Hon. Samuel L. Mitchell, to grace his collection of curious relics and coins.

"When the first settlers came here in 1791, '92, '93, this ground was covered with thorns, wild plum trees, and other shrubs, indicating that it had been cleared and cultivated at some previous time. When it was first cultivated in these latter times, gun barrels, sword blades, hatchets, knives, axes, clay pipes, copper kettles, brass chains, beads of glass, pewter plates, rings for the fingers, ear and nose jewels, lead balls, iron gate hangings, copper coins, tools for working wood and iron, and other articles used by civilized men and unknown to savages, together with human bones, were frequently found on or near the earth's surface. Many of our early settlers, now living, distinctly recollect the appearance of the inclosure entitled the 'fort,' upon and about which trees had grown to a considerable size. Its earthen walls were then some four or five feet high, having evidently been considerably lessened by the ravages of time. It was circular, and from three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet in diameter. There was but one gateway, and that quite narrow. In 1801, Mr. John Hatch ploughed up three muskets and a blunderbuss. They were found near together, the stocks decayed, the barrels flattened as if with the head of an axe, plainly bearing the indentations of that instrument. There are traditional notions prevailing with some of the inhabitants in this vicinity, that the mutilation of these arms in this manner was by the Indians, who did it that the sound of the guns might not kill them. It is supposed that they were ignorant of the true cause of the weapon's power of destructiveness. This conclusion is probably erroneous, as nearly all the gun barrels have been found flattened at their muzzles, and the more reasonable inference is, that it was the work of victorious parties who were unable to secure them by removal, and did it to prevent their again becoming useful in the hands of their enemies.

"The guns usually found, are of a heavy make, with large bell-shaped muzzles; those seen by the author were evidently of English manufacture. The copper coins were French, though so much corroded, that the marks and dates could not be deciphered. Several pits where corn had been stored were visible. In one of these pits a large quantity of charred corn was found. Probably on the breaking up of the establishment, the lodge which contained it was burned over it, and thus prepared the mass for the state of preservation in which it was found. At every ploughing something new is brought to light. Not long since a curiously-wrought brass chain, two and a half feet long and one inch and a half wide, was found. Its appearance was as if it had recently been subjected to fire, the most prominent parts newly polished. A curious brass image was recently found there, probably a part of some Romish priest's collection. Many of these relics were found by Mr. Jobs or his workmen, and several are now in his possession. The soil upon this ridge, where undoubtedly once flourished an extensive Indian village and European trading establishments, has the appearance of rich garden mould recently manured. Large spots of very dark mould may still be seen at regular intervals, a few yards apart, in which are mingled ashes and charcoal, and these, probably, mark the site of the cabins or houses once standing over them. De Witt Clinton visited this place and others of a similar nature in 1815 or 1816, made many inquiries, and gathered a variety of relics, some of which were presented to the New York Historical Society. Among them were a small bell without a clapper, piece of a large bell, a gold finger ring, sword blade, bayonet, &c.

"There is an extensive burying-place contiguous, where several acres were once covered with graves of men, women, and children. The skeletons were universally found buried in a sitting posture, facing the east, with some domestic utensil or weapon of war between the thigh bones. They are usually found two or three feet below the surface. The skull and bones of the body are uniformly sunk to a level with the legs. From appearances, the bodies, after being placed in their graves, were covered with brush previous to casting the earth upon them. Trees of two hundred years' growth once stood over some of these graves.

"This and all the other burying-places have been resorted to by antiquaries and others, more curious than considerate, for the purpose of obtaining Indian skeletons. To so great an extent has this rude practice been carried, that perhaps at this time it would be difficult to find one by seeking—as if it could be no harm to rob an Indian's grave. These noble men have gone; their generations sleep in our cultivated fields; our harvests wave upon their hills; we have robbed them of all else, and we should at least spare their places of sepulchre. Many years ago, when the settlements were first made, a man, whose name deserves not to be remembered, made a regular business of disinterring the bones contained in the Indian graves, taking whatever was found in them to himself. Hundreds of skeletons have been removed for anatomical purposes, and to enlarge the cabinets of the curious. In this unhallowed business he amassed several hundred dollars' worth of property. The Indians, who are remarkable for their regard for the dead, who, though Pagan in their worship, are shining examples for Christians to follow, in respect to the violation of these sacred deposits, were at one time on the point of unceremoniously chastising him in a most summary manner. He eluded their vengeance, and never dared visit the country afterwards.

"There is another place of considerable importance, called 'the castle,' near David Williams', Pompey, one mile from 'Indian Hill.' In former years it was owned by Michael Bourse, who collected a great variety of trinkets, consisting of beads, precious 'stone ornaments,' &c. In 1815, a brass medal was found, on one side of which was an equestrian image with a drawn sword, and on the other, William, Prince of Orange, with a crest or coat of arms; the date was obliterated. William, Prince of Orange, flourished in 1689, and was quite conspicuous in the affairs of New York for several years previous. This medal may have been a present by him to some distinguished chief. In that neighborhood, a bass wood tree was felled, and an ineffectual attempt made to split the first twelve feet into rails. It was found impossible to open it at all, when, upon further examination, a large chain was found encircling it, over which one hundred and seventy-eight concentric circles had formed, representing as many years. A large hemlock tree was discovered with three distinct cuts of an axe, over which one hundred and seventy-nine of these granular circles had formed. Now subtract one hundred and seventy-eight from 1815, the time when these examinations were made, and we have the date 1637, as the time when these marks were supposed to have been made; at which time, it is reasonable to suppose, the neighborhood was inhabited by Europeans. A mortar dug out of solid rock may be seen at the brook near by, holding nearly a peck. In the steep banks of this brook are numerous evidences of its having been the scene of a hard fought battle. Articles of war, such as gun barrels and bullets, have been found, and also knives, axes, &c., upon this particular spot. The regular appearance of four laid-out streets for a considerable extent was once very discernible, and small hillocks where corn had evidently been cultivated, could be traced for a long distance. Weapons and implements anciently used by the Indians were frequently found by farmers in ploughing their fields, consisting of arrow-heads, axes, hatchets, gouges, pestles, &c., made of flint, granite, and hornblend, nicely

cut, and finely polished. David Williams at one time ploughed up the skeleton of a man, and found with it a small brass kettle filled with corn and beans, in a tolerable state of preservation. The kettle was used in his family for domestic purposes several years. A gun barrel was found leaning against a tree, with two-thirds of its top imbedded therein. Wood had made over it about twelve inches. Fragments of the lock were found with it. A box was discovered below the surface of the earth, supposed to have been buried in a hurried manner. It was so far preserved as to show plainly that it had been made of riven planks of ash, partially smoothed with an axe. It contained cloths of red and blue colors; the folds could plainly be seen, and parts were so sound as to admit of being raised without falling asunder. Lead clasps, bearing French marks upon them, were contained in the box.

"Samuel Hibbard and David Hinsdale at one time found a gun barrel on lot number six. They were then boys, and thought to have a little sport. For this purpose they placed the butt end of the gun barrel in the fire, for the purpose of burning off the rust; after a while the barrel exploded and forced a ball against the stone jambs, which completely flattened it. How long this weapon had been charged is unknown, but allowing it to be at the date of other evidences of French occupancy, it must have been near one hundred and forty years. The barrel when found was standing upright in a clump of bass wood bushes, as if it had been leaned against a stump which had decayed, and the clump of shrubbery grown up in its stead. Over thirty ivory combs were found near the same place, many of them in a tolerable state of preservation. Wagon loads of old iron have been taken from these grounds.

"Mr. Hinsdale, of Pompey, at one time had in his possession three vices, one of which was very large, and the jaws alone weighed forty-one pounds. It was beautifully engraved all over, with representations of dogs, bears, deer, squirrels, fishes, birds, and was altogether a beautiful specimen of workmanship. Another, a hand vice of excellent quality, was sold to Mr. Boylston, a silversmith, of Manlius Village, who used it while he continued in the business. Mr. David Hinsdale found a nest of brass kettles, the largest of which would hold two pailfuls, and the smallest about three pints. They were all bailed, ready for use, and some of the smaller ones were used in Dr. Western's family, and Mr. Hinsdale's family, for several years. The larger ones, being on the outside, were considerably corroded by time and exposure, and were unfit for use. When found, they were nearly buried under the roots of a large tree."

MISS SEDGWICK'S WORKS.

Clarence; or, a Tale of Our Own Times. By the Author of *Hope Leslie*, &c. Author's Revised Edition. Geo. P. Putnam: 1849.

MISS SEDGWICK has been aptly instanced as an American writer whose success and popularity have not been the result of transatlantic favor, and whose reputation does not depend upon the dicta of foreign critics, inasmuch as it was acquired at the first without their aid. Ever since her first entrance into the world of letters her literary productions have been mainly, in every sense of the word, American. Not only have the scenes and incidents of her works of fiction been drawn from the history of this country or its domestic manners, but her more directly useful and perhaps most praiseworthy efforts have all been in illustration of its social habits and tendencies. Besides this, there are perhaps none of our writers whose works in their spirit and style more completely reflect the prominent characteristics of the American mind. They are marked less by the refinements of highly cultivated taste and imagination than by a rigorous straightforwardness

of purpose and a practical energy, of which the principal ingredient is that rare quality in authorship, good common sense.

We do not intend to be understood as limiting our praise of Miss Sedgwick's writings to their indigenous character, any more than we would convey the idea that Americanism by itself is their most satisfactory ingredient. We are not so anxious for the establishment of that "national literature" for which so many ardent appeals are advanced by annual orators and weekly essayists, as to desire its advance at the expense of principles of taste and judgment, which lie far behind the circumstances of locality or nationality. We are not disposed to make ourselves uncomfortable with American books any more than with American broadcloth, so long as better are to be had. It is no consolation in the midst of the stupidities of a trashy novel or an unreliable history, to be assured that it is the production of native talent. We have every reason to believe that in the department of authorship, as in every other branch of invention, we may compete successfully with the old world, but never with anything that deserves the name of success, so long as our literature is tested by any other rules than those which have determined long ago the merit and the value of works which are by common consent the ripest fruits of the literature of our language.

If, then, Miss Sedgwick's works came to us with no other recommendation than that which she modestly advances in her preface—their American origin, we should hardly recognise their claim. We should not be amongst the readers whom she "hopes to find, who will relish a book for its home atmosphere—who will have something of the feelings of him who said he would rather have a single apple from the garden of his father's house than all the fruits of France." This is a proper and a commendable feeling within certain limits; but it would hardly be safe, even for Miss Sedgwick, secure though she be in the friendship and admiration of all American readers, to risk the permanency of her literary reputation upon the slender basis of its nationality.

We think, as we have already intimated, that it has a surer foundation—the foundation of good sense, active and enlightened sympathies, a genial warmth of sentiment, and an earnest energy of thought, ingredients which, while they would give the assurance of success to literary efforts of almost any description which taste or inclination might prompt, receive a higher impulse and a more satisfactory recompense when applied to advance the real and immediate interests of society, and to promote the culture of a genuine nationality.

CLARENCE is, we believe, one of Miss Sedgwick's earlier works. It is a domestic novel; one of a class which the modern improvements in fiction have rather elbowed out of popularity. It is called "A Tale of our own Times," but we outgrow our own recollection so fast in this country that its local descriptions and incidents have entirely lost their contemporary freshness. A description of Broadway some twenty years ago, in the first chapter, would hardly be recognised by a New Yorker; and the author is forced to introduce a note at the end of the chapter, apologizing for the air of antiquity which has unconsciously overgrown her subject. But the story is a good one. We remember reading it with interest, years ago, in a dingy two volume edition, and being very much interested in the fortunes of its characters. It is not one of those books which makes the reader wonder that it could

ever have been written by a woman, for Miss Sedgwick, fortunately, has never allied herself to that class of authoresses who studiously ignore in their writings the Providence that has made them women. There is all through Clarence a happy feminine grace which adds vastly to its interest and effect.

Mr. Putnam has done well in adding the works of his gifted countrywoman to his series of American authors. The volume is uniform with the works of Irving and Cooper, in the neatest style of execution. Only in one particular, in the worst possible taste. The book in its general appearance bears indications enough of having issued from the tasteful hands of Mr. Putnam, without the necessity of his autograph on the titlepage. This species of authentication and ornament should be left to the undisturbed possession of quack doctors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MESSRS. CARTER & BROTHERS have added to their stock of standard publications a new edition of the *Remains of Kirke White*, with the *Life* by SOUTHEY. On looking into this work again we were fearful that our old sympathies would be somewhat checked by the lapse of time; that the fame of Kirke White might prove to be, with many other celebrities of youthful genius, purely traditionary; that much of it might rest on the attractions of his biographer; but, on reconsidering his earnest and devoted life, with the illustrations of his pure enthusiastic career afforded in his writings, while something is due to all these favoring circumstances, enough remains in the work itself to speak to the mind and heart of the present generation. Nor should a reputation be less dear to us because it is founded in the affections of our fathers. It gathers influence by time, and is enriched with the importance of all those who have read, admired, and passed away. In literary excellence the writings of White compare advantageously with the collections of the early and miscellaneous productions of authors who have lived to prove their title to a position from which he was cut off by early death. Southey's "Life" has been the model for later compositions of its class. It is not generally known, we believe, that the monument to Kirke White in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, with a medallion by Chantrey, was erected at the expense of an American, Francis Boott, Esq., of Boston.

Love in High Life. A Story of the "Upper Ten." By T. S. ARTHUR (T. B. PETERSON). A recent production from the pen of Mr. Arthur, of Philadelphia, who is as industrious in his vocation as Mr. James, and quite as monotonous in style. We never admired Mr. Arthur as a story writer. There is too much of the Quaker in his rhetoric; he narrates with a dry simplicity and preciseness of date and incident which would be invaluable to a drafting attorney; no metaphor, simile, play of fancy, refreshing episode, or eloquence of moral, adorn his writings; we rise from their perusal as an epicure from a dish of oysters, in whose eating no condiments are allowed by the parsimony of his restaurateur. Nevertheless, there are many who admire these very things; and Mr. Arthur's works sell readily among a certain class.

The tenor of the work may be readily understood from its title. The plot is simple as a nursery rhyme; the incidents as commonplace as the conversation of a mantua-maker. If there are in the community mercenary parents and foolish youthful couples who wish to be warned of the dangers and unhappiness

consequent upon a *mariage de convenance*, this novelette by Mr. Arthur will be excellent medicine for them.

We must be permitted to compliment Mr. Peterson on the very presentable imprint with which the novel is clothed; something worthy of notice in these days, when bad type often combines to form the death-warrant of an author.

The *North American Review* for October (LITTLE & BROWN) is an interesting number, opening with an article on the publications of the French Institute, to meet the false political and social ideas of the revolutionary capital. There is a bit of croaking on the American Presidency, which we trust may turn out to be too hastily expressed. A President of the United States (see page 295) may be neither a figure-head nor a rudder, and yet maintain a noble and honorable position. Louis Napoleon in his Presidency has been both, and successful in neither. Zachary Taylor in several acts has shown that he is neither insensible to the popular mind nor its slave. In this article there is an account of a social experiment at Equality—which we commend to the Tribune—by Marshal Bugeaud, in Algeria, which ended, as all schemes of the kind must end, in an equality with the *lazy ones*. When the same parties on the same soil worked on their individual account, the colony was successful. Lyell's *Travels* are reviewed with remarks on the growing American extravagance of living, a running commentary on the tour, and a little balking at the iceberg importation of Arctic plants to Mount Washington. There is some pleasant sketching of Dickens' peculiarities in a paper on Novels and Novelists, ending with a call for something "illustrative of American life and character," which seems more easily invoked than realized. Herbert's *Translations from Æschylus* are highly praised, and Mr. Lannan's "Summer in the Wilderness" terribly riddled, though we must give Mr. Lanman the benefit of a statement quoted in our present number, from good authority, against one of the italics of the reviewer. Mr. L. is doubted for a fish story of the Mescalonge, which he sets down for fifty-seven pounds' weight: Mr. Herbert, quoting Dr. DeKay, puts his maximum at sixty or eighty pounds. Grimke on Free Institutions, Mrs. Robinson's *Colonization of New England*, Mrs. Lee's *Buckminster, Greenleaf's Cruise on Real Property, Sicily in 1848*, are the subjects of the remaining articles.

Sharpe's London Magazine, for September, was punctually delivered by VIRTUE & Co. before the close of the month. The *Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell* is continued. There are some "Notes on Lord Bacon's Essays," biographical studies of Cagliostro the Charlatan and John Pounds the Cobbler, a Traveller's Sketch of an Ascent of Mount Ætna, a paper on Insect Architecture, several well prepared reviews—forming a variety of suggestive articles for a family magazine.

SHAKESPEARE is convertible to all uses—Mr. RICHARDS, of the *Southern Weekly Gazette*, has a column every week in his paper for a Shakespeare Calendar, for which he finds a poetical passage of the great dramatist applicable to any event that turns up. It is an amusing and ingenious exercise, and we should think, if the selections for a year were brought together in a single volume, would make an acceptable holiday book alongside of

the "Poets' Oracles," &c. The following are "palpable hits:"—

"September 3d.—Oliver Cromwell died, 1658."
"These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's dark veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world;
The wrinkles in my brow, now filled with blood,
Were likeli'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king but I could dig his grave."
[*Henry VI.*, Part III., Act v., Scene 2.]

"September 5th.—The American Congress first met at Philadelphia. 1775."

"Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."
[*Henry VIII.*, Act iii., Scene 2.]

"September 6th.—Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford. 1769."

"This man
Is now become a god."
[*Julius Cæsar*, Act i., Scene 2.]

"September 7th.—Lafayette left the United States for France. 1825."

"I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him, as he passed."
[*Coriolanus*, Act ii., Scene 1.]

The Fine Arts.

MR. KELLOGG has arrived in this city with four works of art by POWERS, The Greek Slave, the Fisher Boy, Proserpine, and the marvellous bust of Gen. Jackson. We shall notice them more particularly in our next. The Exhibition has just opened at the Gallery of the Old Masters.

—Messrs. Goupil, Vibert & Co. have taken the building known as the Alhambra and will shortly open it, divested of the fountain and gingerbread work it previously gloried in, as the gallery of the "International Art-Union." The exhibition will comprise the three paintings presented to the Institution by the French government, which are of large size, and other new works. Meanwhile the present gallery has received a few new additions, among which are a large half-length of a lady in an incomplete stage of her toilet, petting some birds—one of a series of paintings illustrating the "Mysteries of Paris," which the artists hang on to longer than the public did; an appetizing picture of game, fruit, and other dainties, a fine picture for a dining-room, to place on the wall opposite your guest's chair, to second one's hospitable temptations to his appetite. There are also some beautiful flower pieces; but the picture of most value is Louis XIV. laying the Corner-stone of the Hospital of the Invalides at Paris. The rich court-dresses, the antique equipages, the workmen exhibiting the designs of the façade, &c., with the pleasant landscape beyond, form a very picturesque and delightful combination.

—A small but choice collection of works by modern Dutch painters is now offered for sale at Mr. WILEY's Bookstore, 161 Broadway. These painters follow very closely their famous predecessors of the more genteel class, of the seventeenth century. Thus in No. 5 we have the fine satins of Terberg. No. 6, an Old Woman with her Cat, worthy of Gerard Dow. The same is true of the landscapes, mostly of Dutch scenery—as streets on the borders of canals, with craft moving lazily along—or schooners scudding under heavy press of sail in the open sea. A Street View (No. 15), not more than some 7 by 5 inches in size, contains a number of houses and figures, and is a fine specimen of minute painting. A landscape of larger size (No. 11) representing a village, with an old church with a lofty spire, quaint

gabled houses, &c., with a river in front, is also excellent. There are some excellent bits of forest scenery. "The Scholar in his Studio" has too much of the "poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling" to harmonize with his comfortable old arm chair and the sober Dutch furniture around him. The picture is, however, exquisitely painted; and there is in this, as in the other interiors, Nos. 5 and 6, a harmony and beauty in the treatment of inanimate objects, which our artists would do well to study, as almost all of them who treat similar American subjects are lamentably deficient in this respect.

—The September Art Journal just published by VIRTUE, has the conclusion of the review of the French Industrial Exhibition, with no less than fifty-three highly successful engravings of various novel works of art in bronze, iron, terra cotta, and woven fabrics. The engraving from the Vernon Gallery is an exquisite Creswick, a Sunday Landscape, such as England only can furnish. There are two illustrations of Sculpture by Gibson and Wyatt.

—We learn from the Art-Journal, the death at Vienna of the Architect, George Müller, a native of Wyl in Switzerland, aged 27. He resided many years in Italy, and designed an admirable plan for the façade of the Cathedral at Florence. Also, of the English Artist, H. B. Chalon, an animal painter.

—"Mr. Grundy, the enterprising publisher of Manchester," it is stated by the same authority, has become the possessor of Ary Scheffer's great work, the "Christus Consolator," well known in this country by the fine engraving published by Messrs. Goupil, Vibert & Co. He has also a companion picture, "The Woman taken in Adultery," and a third painting, executed expressly for him, "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," a single half-length figure, which it is intended to have engraved.

—The exhibition of the works of Mr. Etty has just closed with a more satisfactory pecuniary result than that from the Mulready exhibition last year. This result does not speak very favorably for English taste in the Fine Arts. Mr. Etty is celebrated for his voluptuous nudités and rainbow-hued skies and draperies. Mr. Mulready is the finest *genre* painter England has ever produced.

—It is proposed to hold in London "an Exhibition of the Industrial Arts of all Nations," on the plan of the Parisian Expositions. It will take place in the spring of 1851.

—English Art-Unions seem to be on the increase. We notice a distribution by the Liverpool Art-Union, and the formation of the Birmingham and Midland counties Art-Union.

—A remarkable patron of Art in a peculiar way died lately at his residence near Liverpool—Christopher Bullen, Esq., of the Banking house of Leyland, Bullen & Co. The extent or quality of his "patronage" is not particularly spoken of; the idiosyncrasy is that he bought pictures at all. "Mr. Bullen," says the English journal, "was probably one of the wealthiest men in Europe, for he has, it is confidently stated, left behind him cash to the amount of 5,000,000*l.* or 7,000,000*l.* Although so very rich he was parsimonious to an extreme degree. He resided in the house of his uncle, Mr. Leyland, the founder of the bank; but although a comparatively small mansion, he occupied only two or three apartments, and allowed the remainder to fall into decay—so much so that the parlors and drawing-rooms were tenanted by sparrows, swallows, and bats, the unglazed windows affording

them free ingress and egress. He saw no company, courted no society, and indulged only in one taste—the purchase of pictures. His paintings are numerous, but he never hung them up, never exposed them, and they now remain as they did during his lifetime, piled up with their faces turned to the wall. For several years his health had been bad, and some time ago he paid a visit to Malta, Smyrna, &c., and returned greatly improved in constitution, but the expense distressed him, and it was only by a threat of legal proceedings that he was induced to pay the physician who accompanied him 700*l.*"

—Still more remarkable than the foregoing is a notice in the same London journal, of the death of an artist under peculiar circumstances, with the disclosure of a strange monomaniac cynicism. The miser had one corner in his soul for a sense of the beautiful; the artist found his antagonism in a passion for a dirty apartment:—"An inquest was held September 4, in Carey street, Lincoln's-inn fields, on the body of Mr. G. Lytler, aged sixty-two years, an artist, and the author of the 'Pictorial Alphabet,' as used by the royal family. It appeared from the evidence of Mr. D. G. Laing, of Villiers street, Strand, and others, that the deceased had travelled a good deal, and was well known to the literati in London and abroad. He formerly held the appointment of draughtsman to the late Duke of Gloucester. From his childhood he had exhibited much eccentricity of manner, and he always abhorred the idea of any person entering his apartments, and it was only by stratagem that his room was ever cleansed. Some time since he met with a pecuniary misfortune, and ever since he had been indolent, and was very slothful in his appearance. For the last two years he had occupied a small back room in Clement's lane, for which he paid four shillings per week. He was in very indigent circumstances, and about twelve months ago an appeal was made to the profession and persons whom he had known in his prosperity, by which means an annuity of 20*l.* per annum was raised for his support for the remainder of his life, which he got from Mr. Laing in instalments weekly. He was last seen alive on Thursday week, and he then appeared in his usual health. On Monday evening last a most dreadful stench was experienced in the house by the lodgers, who found it to proceed from the deceased's room. The door was subsequently broken open, and the effluvia that escaped from the room was so great, that the police constables and Mr. Lovet, the surgeon, were compelled to return down stairs, and were afterwards attacked with violent sickness. Mr. Lovet obtained a quantity of chloride of lime, and returned again to the room. After using the lime very freely, he was enabled to enter the room, and found the deceased lying by the side of the bed, as if he had fallen from it by accident. The body was most shockingly decomposed, and the deceased appeared to have been dead some days. The room, which had never been cleansed since he had lived there, presented a most disgusting and filthy sight. Mr. Walker, surgeon, attributed death to apoplexy, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect."

—M. Gerente, one of the best painters on glass in France, has died of cholera in Paris. To this artist was confided in 1847, after a public competition, the restoration of the stained glass windows of the Sainte Chapelle, adjoining the Palais de Justice. The Minister of Public Works has appointed M. Antoine Susson, who, in 1847, was considered to rank

next to M. Gerente, to complete the important work thus left unfinished.

—The *London Literary Gazette* serves up an amusing melange out of a Parisian *feuilleton* by M. Eugene Guinot,—“What he saw at London,” which, among other observations, included a view of the public statuary:—"The English," he says, "are accustomed to place a statue before their monuments as an advanced sentinel, without seeking to establish any relation between the personage and the edifice. Before St. Paul's there is the statue of Queen Anne; before the Stock Exchange the statue of Field-Marshal Lord Wellington, covered with a little cloak, like those which Parisian postmen wear in winter."

"You will often meet in the town statues of Lord Wellington, and you will often see the name of Waterloo inscribed at the corners of streets. Not having the *embarras du choix*, the English are obliged to repeat themselves. They serve up Wellington in all kinds of sauce. He is their hero of every day and their hero of Sundays. They multiply his likeness with inexhaustible profusion, representing the great man in all forms, in all postures, and in all costumes; on foot, on horseback, à l'antique, à la moderne; as Cæsar, as the Great Frederick, as Napoleon, as Franconi; sometimes naked, sometimes clothed; in uniform, in a great coat, in a cloak, in a waterproof, in a coat with a stiff collar. He must certainly be somewhere represented with an umbrella in his hand. Under all these disguises, it is always the same man with his heroic Punch-like face."

"The name of Waterloo is not less prodigally employed than the face of the most illustrious general. Streets, places, alleys, passages, squares, decorate themselves with insolent pride with the name of the memorable battle. The English, however, forget that they had only a share in that affair; and yet they swagger as if it belonged to them alone. Wellington and Waterloo are the glory of the earth; and the glory of the sea are Nelson and Trafalgar. A column of stone, high as the column of the Place Vendôme, rises in the middle of Trafalgar Square, and on that column Admiral Nelson is stuck, in the attitude of a bully, with the nose in the air, and the hat cocked aside. Nelson on his column has two kings of England for satellites; a king before, a king behind; Charles I. preceding him as an outrider, George IV. following him as a groom. The two monarchs also are uncovered, whilst Nelson has his hat on. Assuredly Nelson deserved the honors of Trafalgar Square, but what was the use of giving him that *cortège*, and placing there two royal statues which look so piteously?"

The Drama.

Miss DAVENPORT, at the Astor Opera House, has closed an engagement, we hope with pecuniary success, as her enterprise was a private one; and private enterprises nowadays in literary and artistic matters are ill compensated. The bills of each evening were headed "Theatre," like those of the old Park in Simpson's time; as if it was *the* Theatre. But aristocratic as is its situation and prestige, the Astor Opera House in the week previous presented audiences of a very Boweryish cast. The prices were low and the company was mongrel. With the exception of Barrett, Bass, and Mr. Davenport, the artistes were decidedly of the strolling player order. As we looked around on the sofas, and saw some of the b'hoys, we wondered whether or no some

of the evil spirits of last May had come (spell-bound) to awaken remorse and repentance on the spot they then desecrated.

The play in which we saw Miss Davenport was *Romeo and Juliet*. Juliet was said to be her best part. An attentive witnessing of her then performance convinces us that she would make a very valuable leading stock actress in a well regulated theatre—nothing more. She has a good figure; expressive eyes; exuberance of hair, which she arranged with much skill; a graceful action; a pleasing enunciation; a naturalness of manner; thorough knowledge of stage business; taste in costume; and a fine appreciation of text. In the subdued passages of Juliet she was very effective. The scenes with the nurse were well conceived and well executed. The balcony dialogue was sustained on her part with as much passion in expression and pathos of voice as the most rigid sentimentalist could have wished for. But in Juliet the bereaved; Juliet, the harshly used daughter; Juliet, the impassioned in desperate thought and endeavor, Miss Davenport was defective. She has not the voice nor the vigor necessary for a star actress. She conceives better than she portrays, as it more than once seemed during her performance.

She was afterwards cast in Knowles' *Maid of Mariendorp* and the *Lady of Lyons*; and no doubt performed in each of them to much better advantage. But clever Paulines are as thick on the stage as holly berries at Christmas. It must be allowed she acted under disadvantages; in a large house bounded by two stage routes the rattle from which marred her delivery much; and wretchedly supported. The *Romeo* (Mr. Neafie) pumped out his text and jerked out his gesture; groaned out his love and bellowed out his despair; and was altogether as sorry a lover as we would wish to see out of a lunatic asylum. Generally, Mr. Neafie is a very clever, useful, and pleasing actor, but in *Romeo* his bosom's lord does not sit lightly on his throne. George Barrett's *Mereutio* was excellent—the part of the whole representation. Bass as the *Friar* was very good. But the *Nurse* and the *Lady Capulet*! Come, then, expressive silence, etc. Capulet himself looked more like a restaurant waiter than a nobleman; we expected more than once to hear him cry out "apple dumplings, hard."

Mr. Hudson at the Broadway has continued to draw good houses. But he has only got the cord and tassel of Powers' mantle—abandon of manner and a fine singing voice. The Irishman in his representations is clearly a graft. An excellent English actor marred to make an indifferent Irishman. More than once his brogue slipped his mind. He has played very effectively in the higher walks of English comedy in London, and we would be pleased to see him attempt it here. Mr. Hudson is evidently a gentleman and a scholar in every way, but nature never intended him to enact the Irishman.

Before long we hope to chronicle the return appearance of Miss Cushman; and to say we have again seen an audience collected together, whose appearance and critical acumen will be good guarantees that a proper appreciation of what is excelling in dramatic performance is still alive, when proper occasion brings that excellence out.

What is Talked About.

—The trial of the Astor-Place Rioters, which was thought to furnish a severe test of

the trial by jury (and it was pushed hard by the Defence), ended in the vindication of that ancient institution by a verdict of guilty brought in without delay; an act which makes all the recompense attainable, in experience for the future, for the gross and unprovoked violation of the peace of the city. The decision and energy of JUDGE DALY have afforded a subject of comment to the Press. His charge to the Jury, like that on a previous occasion to the Grand Jury, was marked by its clear enunciation of the principles involved in the case,—principles lying at the foundation of all society, and of which every man, in a republic especially, is an interested guardian. It is not to suffer evil but to enjoy good that our people have freed themselves from the inquisitorial armed police of the Old World. There was some danger lest this should be forgotten, and we may measure the extent of this feeling by the surprise expressed by certain persons at the general unanimity of the press in condemnation of the riots. We think their attention has now been called by the exposition of Judge Daly and others to the proper respect one citizen owes another, and that it would be highly difficult to mystify any twelve men in a jury-box with respect to the enormity of so brutal an assault on life and property as was committed by the mob at the Astor Opera House. The statement by Judge Daly of a palliation of mob outbreaks was not pointless: the defence needs no refutation. It will remain as a melancholy quotation for the historian:—"The inefficiency of courts or the unwillingness of juries to convict in such cases, have led many to think that the laws are powerless to repress them. So far have things gone in the lax administration of justice, that these outbreaks are not without their eulogists; nay, those who argue their necessity. Within a comparatively recent period the municipal council of a neighboring city deliberately passed a resolution to the effect that such occasional outbreaks were necessary to the cultivation of brave and courageous habits in our youth, as if the noble quality of courage was attested by burning the dwellings of defenceless women, and defacing temples erected to the worship of a common God: propounding the monstrous doctrine, that it is essential that the youth of this country should pass through a pupilage of bloodshed; that to fit him for the rational duties of the citizen, he should be encouraged to the development of propensities in which the savage is his equal."

—Newspaper paragraphists may now be at rest on an important point. A divorce has been pronounced by the Philadelphia Court between Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler and her husband, *a vinculo matrimonii*, leaving both parties at liberty to marry again. Mrs. Butler has resumed her Shakespeare Readings at Philadelphia, where she appears in them for the first time in that city.

—MR. GEORGE H. HILL, the well-known personator of Yankee Characters, died at Saratoga Springs, September 28th.

—The Rt. Rev. Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, lately deceased, was President of the Linnean Society, and author of a popular "Familiar History of Birds." He recently acted as one of the Commissioners of Inquiry respecting the British Museum.

—In the English obituary we also notice the death of a friend of Bloomfield and Clare, the peasant poets—MR. THOMAS INSKIP, of Sheffield, Bedfordshire, a zealous antiquarian and collector and contributor to many of the archaeological journals. WM. COOKE TAYLOR, one of the most prolific authors of the day, of

numerous publications in various branches of literature, died recently in Dublin from an attack of cholera.

—The construction of iron houses for California is actively carried on at Couillet. They resemble cottages, are arranged for two and three families, with two rooms for each. The roofing is composed of zinc tiles.

—The *Journal des Débats* publishes a letter from Grand Cairo of the date of August 1st, announcing the discovery by a French civil engineer of a stratum of coal in the vicinity of the Nile towards Upper Egypt.

—A brother of the Hon. T. B. Macaulay has been appointed to the rectory of Aldingham in Low Furness, Lancashire, a living worth £1,000 per annum.

—Maize has been successfully cultivated in St. James' Park, London, the present season. It is stated that Prince Albert, the Duke of Richmond, and the Duke of Norfolk, will experiment largely in this grain next year.

—The *London Athenæum* speaks of a new institution, penny banks:—"We have had penny omnibuses,—penny steamboats,—penny railway passages,—penny pews,—penny papers for some time past. Now we are to have penny banks. The idea originated with a 'canny Scot,' and has been in operation at Greenwich for some time. It is open every evening for the receipt of the smallest sums. Out of a population of 40,000 persons not less than 5,000 have made deposits, amounting to about £1,100, an average of nearly 4s. 6d. each. The system has been introduced into several other towns."

—The *Tribune* states in its London correspondence that since Jan. 1, 1839, 64,053 houses have been built in the metropolitan districts of that capital, forming 1,652 streets, collectively 200 miles in length.

—Some recent bankruptcy proceedings in the case of Edward Thomas Delafield, the late lessee of the Italian Opera at Covent Garden (London), afford an insight into the internal management of that establishment. This is what it costs to support "the gaiety of nations!"—The sum total of expenses for 1848 was 78,765*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*; the receipts for that year 44,008*l.* 12*s.*, being a deficit of some \$150,000. Of that year the opera account was some 43,000*l.*, the ballet some 8,000*l.* Among the personal expenses for several seasons were nearly ten thousand dollars' travelling outlay in forming engagements in Switzerland, Paris, and other places. A thousand dollars had been expended in fitting up the royal box for a state visit. Madame Grisi appears among the creditors to the amount of 700*l.*, Madame Garcia 900*l.*, etc. In the printed form of agreement with the vocalists, there was this amusing stipulation—"The undersigned agrees to sing in the choruses in all the operas, concerts, oratorios, etc., and to execute the orders of the directors of the music and of the chorus-master; and further undertakes to shave off, and to keep shaved off, his whiskers, mustachios, and beard, in the operas in which it shall be requisite."

—A curious burial scene took place lately in London, at the ground of the district church of St. Peter's, off the Walworth road. "It appears that a man named Gothard, a grocer, in East lane, Walworth, died of cholera. The deceased had been remarkable for the attention and care bestowed upon a favorite donkey purchased by him twenty-six years ago. Such was his affection for his 'Moak,' as he called him, that it was his practice on every Christmas day to give him the first cut of the plum-pudding, a treat which the animal seem-

ed to enjoy, as he ate it with the greatest avidity, and washed it down with a pint of strong ale. Even on his death-bed, Gothard did not forget his favorite, for in his will he directed that the donkey should follow him to his grave as chief mourner. This extraordinary request soon got wind in the neighborhood, and at the time appointed for the funeral some thousands of persons assembled in the churchyard. The authorities connected with the church determined that such an unseemly exhibition should not be allowed. The friends in consequence determined only to lead the donkey as far as the end of East lane. During this portion of the mournful procession the animal walked at the head of fourteen couple of mourners, with crape tied round its ears. So great was the crowd about the church, that the aid of the police was obliged to be called in to prevent some thousands from forcing their way into the church and churchyard after the corpse. Order was with some difficulty preserved, and the burial service was performed by one of the curates at Covent Garden.

—The *Metropolis* published the other day a characteristic newspaper memorial, less reverent than picturesque, of a celebrated getter up of fashionable magazines, which illustrates a feature or two of the literary history of the times.

"A Post Obit.—ISRAEL POST is dead—Israel, the publisher of magazines. He died in Panama of cholera. Poor Israel! Peace to his ashes.

"We have a few obituary words to write concerning Israel, because he was a 'character.' In person he was short and square; his countenance was broad and benign, and usually lighted up with a smile. Of his smile, indeed, he was not niggardly, bestowing it alike upon creditors and those whom he wanted to make such. Of all sanguine men, none was ever more sanguine than Israel. He would start you any number of illustrated periodicals with the most perfect confidence of success. Nothing but utter failure and a total cessation of 'means' would damp the ardor of his expectations. He was constantly expecting to make a fortune, being full of golden schemes, and his ruling passion dominated more strongly than ever in his latter days, for doubtless Death found him at Panama on his way to California.

"Israel Post was very positive not only of making his own fortune by his last new enterprise in the 'periodical line,' but that of some fifty or a hundred industrious young men, for whom he used to be constantly advertising, with an often iterated assurance that such would be certain to make from one to three thousand dollars a year in procuring subscribers to an immensely popular work. Israel's works were always popular in his own esteem, even before they were issued. If Israel owed you anything and you happened to meet him and receive the full radiance of his smile, you might have sworn that he had but one request to make of you—he only wanted you to 'sign off.' And everybody signed off of course, because it was of no possible use not to 'sign off'—the meaning of this singular compound verb being to give a receipt in full of all demands, when you have not received a 'soumarkee,' which means we take it something less than a penny. In giving this receipt one lies; but so one does when one signs a deed 'in consideration of one dollar to me in hand paid,' when no dollar has made its appearance.

"But to return to Israel. He was a man of good intentions. Once he kept a shop in the

Bowery, sold Godey's Lady's Book, and made money. He removed to Broadway, published a Magazine, the *Columbian*, on his own—no, on somebody else's—hook, and lost his own—no, somebody else's—money. He then published *The Union Magazine*, but though 'immensely popular' he could not make it succeed. Ask the authors and designers and engravers, who were the luckless partners of the transaction, if he could. His last convulsive effort was with 'The American Metropolitan,' which soon, in the forcible phraseology of the newsboys, 'bust up.' Now he is dead, however, if his executors have any assets, we wish they would 'call and settle.' If they have not, as doubtless they have not, we desire them to consider these remarks as a receipt—we 'sign off.'

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—we revere the precept, and have nothing but good to say of the late Israel Post. We, on the contrary, esteemed the man. He was, in his way, a patron of letters. He was, too, a man of taste, and could do fine things in the 'getting up' of pictorials. But, not to dwell longer upon his virtues, such as they were, we feel grieved that he is dead and gone, and that what hereafter may be said concerning him will be strictly *ex post facto*."

Publisher's Circular.

MESSRS. STRINGER & TOWNSEND, we understand, have become purchasers of the following of MR. COOPER'S Works, which they will immediately issue in a complete edition with those already in their possession:—"Last of the Mohicans; Pioneers; Prairie; Pathfinder; Deerslayer; Lionel Lincoln; Wish-ton-wish; Travelling Bachelor; Heidenmauer; Monikins; Home as Found; Wyandotté; The Headsman; Bravo; Precaution." MR. HERBERT'S "Fish and Fishing" is also now ready by the same publishers.

A new novel is announced by MRS. TROLLOPE with the title, "The Old World and the New;" and a new work by Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sand-Stone," entitled, "Foot-Prints of the Creator; or the Asterolepis of Stromness."

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, are printing from the early sheets, and to be published in a few days, Miss Pardoe's new work—"The Court and Reign of Francis the First, King of France"—to make two volumes 12mo. They have also just ready for publication from early sheets, Humboldt's new work—"Aspects of Nature in different Lands and in different Climates," translated by Mrs. Sabine, with the sanction of the Author, in one volume duodecimo. They have at press a new and cheaper edition of Mrs. Somerville's delightful work on "Physical Geography." Besides the corrections and additions made by the authoress to this edition, the American publishers have added some additional matter particularly referring to this country. The objection to this work as a reading Book in schools for the advanced scholar is obviated by the preparing of a Glossary, explaining very fully all the Technical Terms used in its pages. By a reference to the advertisement of L. & B. it will be seen the long expected Life of Wirt, by Kennedy, is now ready. They have also nearly ready, "Mackay's Western World," which has passed to a second Edition in London.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have in press, and will shortly publish—Redburn: His First Voyage. Being the Sailor-boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son of a Gentleman, in the Merchant Service. By Herman Melville. Author of "Typee," "Omoo," and "Mardi;" Glimpses of Spain; or, Notes of an Unfinished Tour in 1847. By S. T. Wallis, Esq. 12mo.; The concluding volume of Hildreth's History of the United States; The Whale and its Captors. By Henry T. Cheever. 16mo.; The History of Alfred the Great. By Jacob Abbott. 16mo.; A Second Book in

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